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MAY 4, 1955



SPRING FASHION NUMBER

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In brief



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*In snowy white and Spring-time
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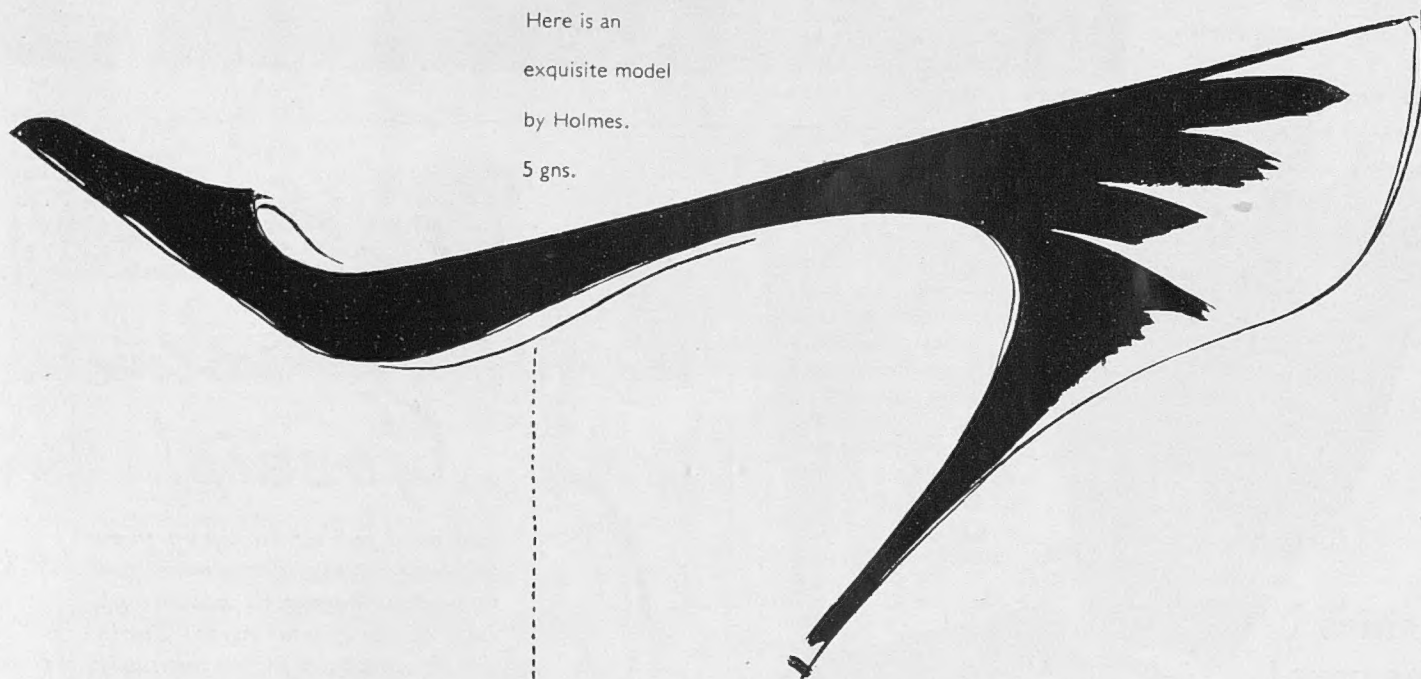



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Here is an
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5 gns.



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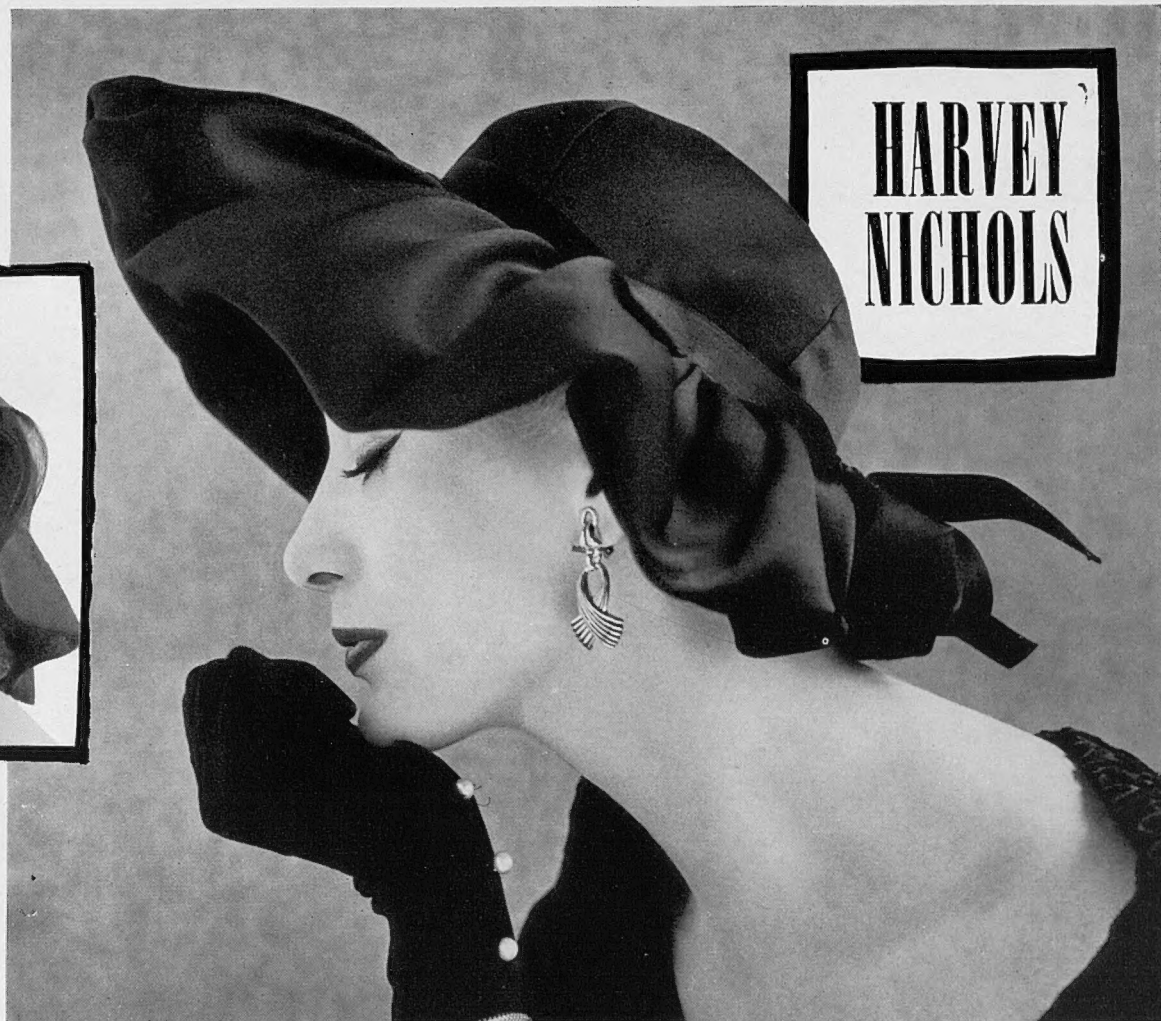


Right: Gleaming satin organza
that billows dramatically round
the face; in black.

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Berlei
foundations

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Hat by Madge Chard

CLEVER Nancy Sandys-Walker in photographing this model, has dispensed with one half of the jacket (with the exception of the sleeve) so as to reveal the becoming corsage line of the dress.

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This model can be seen in London at Mercia's salon at 10 Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, London, W.1. (MUSEum 5871) and at exclusive Fashion Houses throughout the country. Please write to Mercia for the name of the House in your vicinity.

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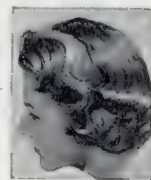


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RICHÉ BELIEVES that a great hairdresser should capture the character of his sitter—like a great artist. When you have a coiffure by Riché, it is for you—*alone*.

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Social Celebrities . . .

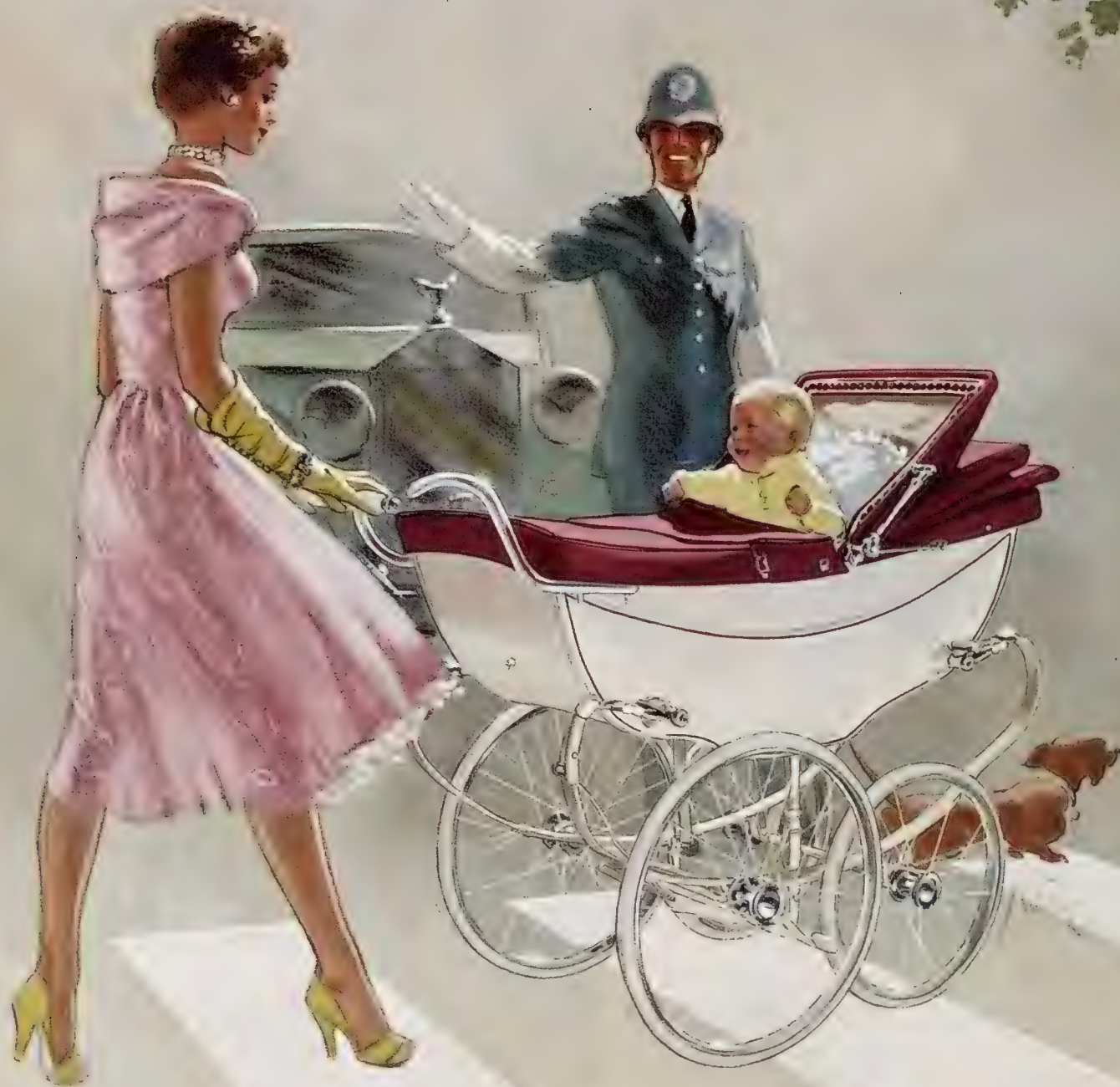


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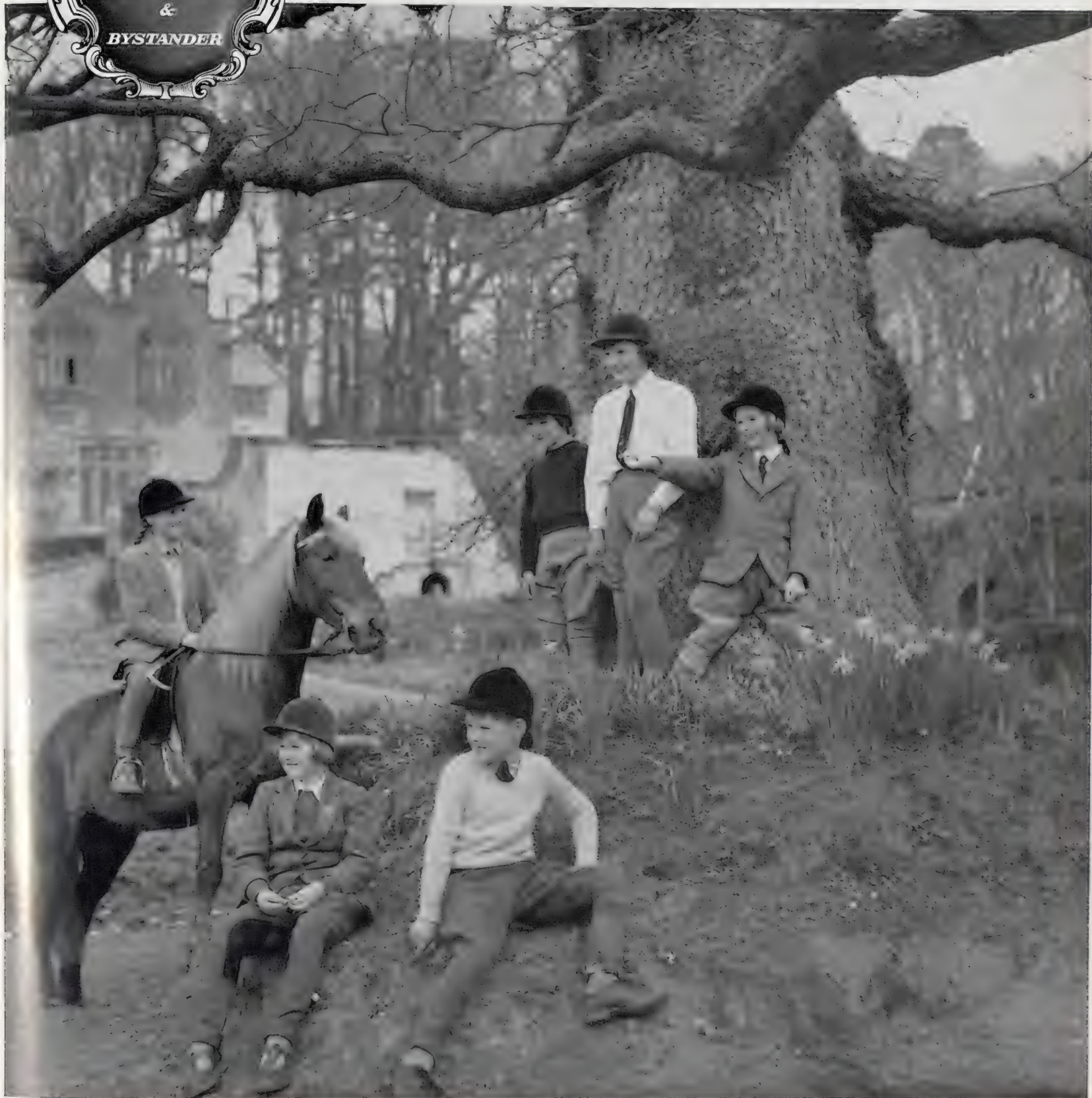
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Victor Yorke

Pony-talk on the daffodil bank

A LARGE party of young riders has been staying for a delightful spring holiday with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. F. S. Bullen at their beautiful seventeenth-century home Catherston, near Charmouth, Dorset. Here, on a daffodil bank under a huge tree, Susan Beaver, Jean McMillan, Caroline Sully, Angela Scott-Forbes, Roger Clive-Powell and Mary Waddington awaited other riders returning from an excursion to the beach



Copyright by "The Royal Academy Illustrated"

A fine portrait to be seen at this year's Royal Academy

MR. DAVID JAGGER'S portrait of the seventh Earl of Cottenham in the 1955 Summer Exhibition at Burlington House is yet another example of the brilliant and sensitive work of this painter, whose first picture was shown at the Academy in 1917. His subject, Lord Cottenham, succeeded his brother to the title in 1943. He is married to the former Lady Angela Nevill, daughter of the fourth Marquess of Abergavenny. They have a son, Viscount Crowhurst, who is six years old, and three daughters, and their home is at Hungerhill House, Coolham, Sussex

*The Rt. Hon. Earl of Cottenham
by Mr. David Jagger, R.P., R.O.I.*



THE EARL OF DUMFRIES leaving the Brompton Oratory with his bride, formerly Miss Nicola Weld-Forester, after their wedding. The Earl is the son and heir of the Marquess of Bute, and the bride's father is British Consul-General in Oporto

Social Journal

Jennifer

GUESTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who with Prince Charles and Princess Anne spent several weeks at Windsor Castle after Easter, had a succession of guests to stay. Among these were Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, Mr. "Rab" Butler, Mr. Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, and Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassador in Washington, who was back in England on a brief visit; also M. Per Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, who is Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps here, and his charming wife, both much respected and loved members of the diplomatic world. Their visit coincided with the Queen's birthday, which was a happy family occasion. Great plans are already being made in Norway for the official Royal visit of the Queen

and the Duke of Edinburgh to Oslo which has been arranged for June 24, 25 and 26.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the biggest weddings to take place in London for many months was the marriage of the Earl of Dumfries, eldest son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, to Miss Nicola Weld-Forester, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. W. Weld-Forester. It took place at the Brompton Oratory, with a reception later at Hutchinson House, attended by nearly a thousand guests.

I have never seen a more beautiful bridal gown. It was designed by Norman Hartnell, and made of white Duchesse satin embroidered in pearls and diamanté, in a pattern of acorns and oak leaves to match the magnificent diamond and pearl heirloom Stuart tiara which

the Marchioness of Bute had lent the bride to wear at her wedding, and which held in place her white tulle veil.

There were fourteen bridesmaids—the bridegroom's sister, Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Miss Ione Stuart-Walker, Miss Sara Gore, Miss Sarah Rose, Miss Rose Stuart, a cousin of the bridegroom, Miss Victoria Drummond-Moray, Miss Veronica Rutledge, Miss Sarah Churchill, the Hon. Juliet Weld-Forester, Miss Caroline Acton, Miss Lucy Drummond-Moray, Miss Sarah Wilkins and Miss Diana Grant. They wore dresses of daffodil yellow taffanza (which had also been designed by Hartnell) and on their heads seed pearl tiaras. Lord David Crichton-Stuart was best man to his twin brother.

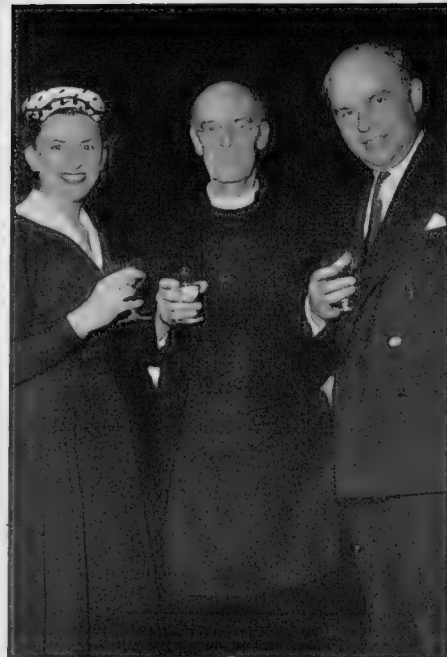
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Mr. Malcolm Gomme Duncan was chatting to Miss Jane Darwin, who has just returned from a visit to Tripoli and had come up from Surrey for the wedding



Mr. Martin Reed was entertaining Miss Rachael Hawker and Miss Rosemary Deer at the wedding reception, which was held at Hutchinson House, Stratford Place



Mrs. Edward Barnes was talking to the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Alan Campbell Don, who officiated at the ceremony, and Mr. Edward Barnes



Continuing The Social Journal

Earl of Dumfries married at Brompton Oratory

The very big church was full and ushers had a busy time. They included the bridegroom's brother, Lord James Crichton-Stuart, his uncle Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, his cousins Mr. Andrew, Peregrine and Richard Bertie, Mr. Henry and Mr. Ninian Crichton-Stuart, the bride's brother Mr. William Weld-Forester, whom I noticed fulfilling his duties with great efficiency, and Mr. Brooke Forester.

As the bridal party left the church they were played away by pipers of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards.

At Hutchinson House, guests were received by the bride's parents, Mrs. Weld-Forester very chic in a blue paper taffeta dress and little hat of cornflowers, with the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, the latter a regal and elegant figure in a black dress with touches of pink, which like Mrs. Weld-Forester's was made by Paquin, a little pink cap, silver fox furs and magnificent diamonds. The Dowager Countess of Granard, the bridegroom's grandmother, I saw talking to the Countess of Pembroke. Others of the family present were the Earl of Granard, Count and Countess Théo Rossi, Lady Jean Bertie in blue, with the Hon. James Bertie and Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, with her younger daughter Helia.

AMONG other guests, I met the Spanish Ambassador the Duke of Primo de Rivera, the Duchess of Argyll and her débutante daughter Miss Frances Sweeny, Lady Barbara Gore and Mrs. Antony Acton, who both had bridesmaid daughters, the Hon. Mrs. F. Forester, very smart in a purple satin dress and hat to match, Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, whose son John Manningham-Buller has just announced his engagement to Miss Gillian Stockwell, her sister Lady Anne Fummi, and Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, who had flown over from her home

in Ireland for the wedding and was going up to Oxford for a new term two days later.

The Countess of Abingdon, looking extremely smart in black with a red straw cap, I saw arriving with Lady Charles and Mrs. John Dewar, also the Hon. Lady Ward accompanied by her son Mr. Reginald Ward and Mrs. Ward, Lady Rose Bligh, Major and Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray and Lord Kinross.

When the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding cake everyone joined in drinking their health, but there were no speeches. Later the young couple left for a honeymoon in France and Italy with all the very best wishes of their numerous friends.

★ ★ ★

THE Spring meeting at Epsom was held, as it often is, in glorious sunshine. I went down on the second day and found that many women in the Members' enclosure had abandoned their coats and were walking about in light wool dresses. The big race that

afternoon was the City and Suburban which was won by Coronation Year, trained by his owner, Mr. A. J. Thomas. The previous race, the Thursby Amateur Riders' Handicap, was won by Mr. Teddy Underdown riding Mr. Stanley Wootton's Noholme.

AMONG those racing that afternoon were the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, their attractive daughter-in-law Lady Primrose, Lord Rosebery's niece Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, and the Countess of Derby, in navy blue with touches of white. She stopped to have a word with the Earl and Countess of Portarlington who were sitting in the sunshine where they were joined later by Baroness Burton. Sir Gordon and Lady Munro, who have had such a successful N.H. season, were there to see their Jungle Warfare run. She finished third in the Epsom Plate.

I also met Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison who had a runner in the same race, Col. Giles Loder, Major and Mrs. Herbert Homfray, the latter answering inquiries after her father, Mr. George Gibson, who was taken seriously ill with a burst appendix just after the Grand National meeting, Sir Ronald Howe who brought his sister, Sir Edward Cripps, Mrs. Derek Mullins with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Morton, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson and Miss Sandbach who was sitting with Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller. The latter did not expect to be racing again until the Royal meeting at Ascot as she will be helping her husband Cdr. Scott-Miller, who has represented King's Lynn in the House for the past four years, in his election campaign.

As many people will have heard on the wireless, and later read in their daily papers, racing on the third day of the next meeting at Epsom (May 26) has been cancelled, as it is polling day, and the Coronation Cup will be run on the 27th, the same date as the Oaks.

★ ★ ★

LADY LYCETT GREEN and Mrs. Robert Hoare gave an excellent joint cocktail party for Miss Livia Lycett Green and Miss Tessa Hoare at Claridge's. Both girls are very gay and popular and have a mass of friends, and all the débutantes of this season appeared to be there, also many young men.



THE FIRST NIGHT OF "KISMET" at the Stoll Theatre. Miss Mary Parker, the actress and TV commère, was escorted by her brother Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker, R.N.



The bride and bridegroom followed by pages Christopher Thomson and Keith Thomson and two of the bridesmaids Miss Marion Broom and Miss Susan Stewart

There were in addition several girls who had come out during the past year or two, and a few older guests.

Among these latter were Mr. Kit Hoare, a famous character in the City, who was enjoying his granddaughter's party and talking to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Illingworth, Mr. Terence Maxwell accompanied by his charming daughter Valerie who looked very well after her trip to America and Canada, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Agnew who have a daughter coming out this year. Sir Wrixon and the Hon. Lady Becher were also guests—he has just returned from Australia where he had the pleasure of watching the English Test team win some of their matches.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER evening I went to a delightful party given by the Dowager Lady Swaythling in her charming Kensington Court house. Here I met many friends including Mme. Prebensen, very elegant in black with touches of white, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, just returned from the U.S., Lady Dalrymple-Champneys also just returned from America, talking to Sir Thomas and Lady Cook, Lord and Lady Killearn and Mrs. de Sola accompanied by her daughter Mrs. de Pass.

Senhora Clara Pereira, daughter of the Portuguese Ambassador was there, also the Hon. Mrs. Frost helping her mother. Lady Swaythling's grandsons the Hon. David and the Hon. Anthony Montague the former with his lovely French-born wife were others present.

★ ★ ★

IN the absence of Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Derick Heathcoat-Amory took the chair at the most recent literary luncheon organized by the London Conservative Union Education Advisory Committee at the Overseas League, when Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., was the speaker. He read his speech, which was entitled "The Literature of Politics" and at the end answered some of the many questions fired at him from the audience.

Among those who came to hear him were

[Continued overleaf



HIGHLAND DRESS AT LONDON WEDDING

THE wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, recently of Mr. James Michael Thomson and Miss Ann Marie Bridges Webb. Above: Mr. Edward Bridges Webb, the bride's father, was escorting the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Norman Thomson, while the bridegroom's uncle, Mr. Harold Thomson, chatted to Mrs. Bridges Webb, the bride's mother, after the ceremony



Mr. Michael Weir, Miss Patricia Cottingham, Mr. Michael Bridges Webb, brother of the bride, and Miss Belinda Remwick, daughter of Sir Robert Remwick, Bt.

Swabe

Continuing The Social Journal

A special train for the wedding guests

Viscountess Woolton, Lady Cohen who is a personal friend, Mr. Edward Heath, Mme. Lebel from the French Embassy, Mr. W. N. Dale from the U.S. Embassy, Miss Molly Hudson who does invaluable work at the Central Office, Lt.-Col. Wickham, Margery Lady Hacking and Lt.-Gen. Sir Gifford Martel.

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MISS ANN BRIDGES WEBB made a radiant bride when, with her bridegroom Mr. James Thomson, she walked out of St. Margaret's, Westminster, into the spring sunshine. She wore an exquisite dress of white lace with long sleeves and a tulle veil held in place by two white flower clusters, and carried a shower bouquet of white flowers also. Two pages attended her, Christopher and Keith Thomson, wearing kilts of the Sinclair and Fraser tartan, while her four bridesmaids, Miss Susan Stewart, Miss Caroline Braby, Miss Marion Broom and Miss Alison Brewis wore long dresses of primrose faille with half-circlets of flowers in their hair. Mr. Robert Bridges was best man.

After the ceremony the bride's father, Mr. A. E. Bridges Webb, who had given her away, and Mrs. Bridges Webb, who looked charming in a dress of saxe blue wild silk with a little hat to match, gave a reception at Hutchinson House, where they received over three hundred guests with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Norman Thomson, and his uncle Mr. Michael Thomson (the bridegroom's father died last year). Many guests came from Scotland, as the bridegroom's family home is Kellyfield, Dundee, and they have a number of relations and friends in the district—so many that a special train was arranged to bring them all down for the wedding. Some of the bride's friends had come up from Sussex, where her parents have their country home.

THOSE who came to wish the young couple every happiness included the Very Rev. Alan Don, Dean of Westminster, who had married them, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Lowles, Lord and Lady Keyes who had come up from their home in Cranbrook, Kent, Major and Mrs. Anthony Clifton Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Hare talking to Mrs. Darwin and her daughter Jane who had just returned from a very enjoyable visit to Tripoli. Also present were Mr. John Gomm, the famous international lawyer, who directly after the wedding flew over to see his wife who is ill in France, Sir Alexander and Lady Aikman, Mrs. Walter Bridges, Lord and Lady Amwell, Miss Patricia Cottingham, who was presented the same year as the bride, and Miss Susan Clark.

After the wedding all the beautiful flowers from the church and Hutchinson House were sent to the Royal London Homoeopathic Hospital in Great Ormond Street, of which the bride's father is deputy chairman.

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NUMEROUS house parties always assemble around Newmarket for the Guineas meeting at headquarters, and a very big crowd goes racing each day. This year the Queen, wearing a grey tweed suit and white beret, motored over to see her good colt Alexander run in the Two Thousand, for which there was a big French and Irish invasion. This first of the classics was won by Mr. David Robinson's Our Babu, trained by



FIRST CLASSIC WON BY OUR BABU

THE Two Thousand Guineas, won by Our Babu, made a third victory at Newmarket that week by progeny of My Babu. Above, Our Babu (No. 2, D. Smith up) winning by a neck from Tamerlane (No. 20, A. Breasley up) with Klairon, ridden by J. Deforge, third



Mr. and Mrs. Tim Barclay were two of the many spectators enjoying this popular spring meeting



Mrs. J. Deeley and Sir Pierce Lacy, Bt., whose home is Ampton Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk



Miss Jane Coddington, Lady Zinnia Denison, who is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Londesborough, and the Countess of Londesborough

Swaebe

Major Geoffrey Brooke at Newmarket. Lord Porchester's Tamerlane finished second and M. Fabiani's Klairon third.

Although the going was firm, fields were quite good each day, and the racing was interesting. Besides the regular enthusiasts I have already mentioned at Epsom, others racing at Newmarket included the Princess Royal who shares her niece's love of horses, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Howard de Walden, the Earl and Countess of Durham, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter very chic in a grey suit, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Capt and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort—he has already trained several winners for his patrons who include the Queen—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, recently returned from a very enjoyable trip to South America, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, the Duke of Devonshire, Mrs. Enid Cameron who was staying with Major and Mrs. Delmé Ratclyffe, and Lady Zia Wernher, who had several runners at the meeting.

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MANY visitors flew over to Le Touquet for Easter, including Sir Frederick Handley Page, Viscount and Viscountess Bruce, Lord Michelham, Sir Harry and Lady Methven and Sir Thomas Overy and many more are planning to fly over to either Le Touquet or Deauville for Whitsun, for which holiday both places promise to be very gay.

Both Silver City Airways and Morton Airways are running regular services to Le Touquet, and Olley Air Services have charter services to Deauville and Silver City one from Southampton. From June to September, Air France will also be running a regular service from London to Deauville. I plan to fly over to Le Touquet for Whitsun after the Oaks at Epsom and may go over to spend the day at Deauville, too.

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HORSE lovers are going to have plenty to interest them this summer. Three of the highlights of their programme will be firstly the Royal Windsor Horse Show, always exceptionally well run, which will take place as before in the Home Park of Windsor Castle on May 12, 13 and 14. The following week there are the European Horse Trials which are to be held for the first time in Windsor Great Park, by kind invitation of the Queen, on May 18, 19, 20 and 21. The cross country course is, I hear, to be just as gruelling as it has been at Badminton for the past few years, and will be a real test of endurance.

The organizers expect a very big entry for these trials. The Queen, who is taking a keen interest in the event, will be present and has invited several well-known horsemen and women from overseas to stay at Windsor Castle for the event.

The week after there is the Aldershot Horse show in the Rushmoor Arena from May 25–28, held this year in conjunction with the South of England Foxhound and Beagle Show.

A great innovation will be the holding of evening polo matches in the grounds of Windsor Park after each day's racing at Royal Ascot. The Household Cavalry Polo Club has been revived this year in conjunction with the Household Brigade Saddle Club, and the Queen has given permission for polo grounds to be laid out, as in former times, on Smith's Lawn in Windsor Great Park.

It is here that the tournament will be held under the auspices of the Hurlingham Polo Association. The polo season opens at Cowdray Park on May 7 and there will be matches there nearly every Saturday and Sunday right through the summer.



Desmond O'Neill

JUNIOR STALLIONS ON SHOW AT ASCOT

THE first national stallion show for mountain, moorland and other pony breeds was held on the Royal Ascot racecourse, organized by the Ponies of Great Britain Club. There were 186 entries and many noted breeders, including Lady Anne Lytton, the Duchess of Rutland and Lord Kenyon, were present. Above: Miss Jenny Bullen with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Bullen's Palomino pony Bubbly, winner of the reserve champion award



BACKDROP TO THE SUMMER EXHIBITION

HENRY RUSHBURY, R.A., R.W.S., famous for his drawings and engravings, has been Keeper of the Royal Academy since 1949. He writes here with wit and scholarship of his predecessors in office and of the founding and progress of the Academy, whose 1955 Summer Exhibition, which opened on Friday, traditionally marks the start of the London social season

THE Royal Academy came into being on December 10, 1768. If one were to inquire what was the principal factor determining the establishment of the Academy, I suppose one would have to be honest and say "The Goddess of Discord."

Tradition, a jade whose ancestry is often suspect, would like to have it that the combination of a great artist like Reynolds and a benevolent and interested patron like King George III combined to father the institution. I am afraid one must look a little more closely into things to discover the truth, and I do not think I am giving away any professional secret when I say that artists are a notoriously quarrelsome race.

YES, it is a charming fantasy to think of them as selfless, dedicated men, their eyes fixed on far horizons and sweet visions, but I am afraid the reverse is often only too true. They are men whose temperaments are constantly being stirred or exacerbated not only by the good things of this world, but also by the undeniably irritating characteristics of their brethren. It would serve little purpose to rake up old history or catalogue exactly which of many disputes finally led a number of distinguished artists to present a memorial to the King, imploring him to found a Royal Academy.

In the innocence of their hearts, they imagined that the establishment of one central body, enjoying Royal patronage, would forever banish the goddess Discord from the realm of art!

The King was very explicit in his instructions when he drew up his directive for his

new foundation. William Chambers, the architect, a friend of the King, assisted him in the work—no doubt tactfully saying every now and then, "Don't you think, Sire, we'd better make provision for—?" while thinking to himself, "If that's not clearly defined, we shall have A, B and C at each other's throats."

This document, known as the "Instrument,"



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, who became the first President of the R.A. in the year 1768. He presented this self-portrait of himself, wearing D.C.L. robes, with a bust of Michelangelo, to the Royal Academy

contains twenty-seven articles and, although some of its provisions are obsolete and changes have been made in the laws and regulations, it is still substantially the Charter by which the Academy is conducted.

IT was article seven which created the office of Keeper and laid down his functions:

There shall be a Keeper of the Royal Academy, elected by ballot, from amongst the Academicians: he shall be an able painter of History, Sculptor, or other Artist, properly qualified. His business shall be to keep the Royal Academy, with the Models, Casts, Books, and other moveables belonging thereto; to attend regularly the Schools of Design, during the sittings of the students, to preserve order among them, and to give them such advice and instruction as they shall require; he shall have the immediate direction of all the servants of the Academy, shall regulate all things relating to the Schools, and with the assistance of the Visitors, provide the living Models, etc. He shall attend at the Exhibition, assist in disposing the performances, and be constantly at hand to preserve order and decorum. His salary shall be one hundred pounds a year; he shall have a convenient apartment allotted him in the Royal Academy, where he shall constantly reside; and he shall continue in office during the King's pleasure.

THE King left few details to chance: he even laid down that there should be a porter and a sweeper, stipulating their salaries, the one to be £25 a year, the latter £10 a year. As one reads through the "Instrument," one can almost see the anxious shade of William Chambers bending over His Majesty's shoulder, racking his brains to see whether any conceivable detail has been left out!

George Michael Moser was the Academy's first Keeper. He was suggested to the King by

Sir Joshua on the grounds that he was the best gold-chaser in Europe. At any rate he seems to have been conscientious and industrious in the performance of his duties. Record has it that his funeral was attended not only by his fellow academicians but even by his "tearful students." Englishmen wept more easily then—port, that great stimulator of the lachrymatory duct, was considerably cheaper than it is today.

George Moser left behind him a daughter, Mary, who painted flower pieces and indulged in a flirtation (which we are told was "ineffectual") with one of her father's successors, Henry Fuseli. As if this in itself were not distinction enough, Mary was the first woman ever to be elected into the ranks of the Royal Academy. It would appear that gallantry was more in evidence in those days, for we find another lady, Angelica Kauffman, elected at the same time (in the first roll-call to be exact). Somehow or other, during the nineteenth century, women went out of fashion—at least as far as Academy elections were concerned.

AGOSTINO CARLINI and then Joseph Wilton succeeded Moser. There is little to be said of either of them, except that they seem to have carried out their office conscientiously before departing "to explore the shadow and the dust." The fourth holder of the Keeper's office, however, was cast in quite a different mould. Apart from the admiration of Mary Moser, Henry Fuseli enjoyed the esteem and the almost uncritical devotion of most of the artists of his time. Even Reynolds, it is said, on seeing some of Fuseli's drawings exclaimed: "Were I the author of these drawings, and were offered ten thousand a year not to practise as an artist, I would regard the proposal with contempt." Reynolds, of course, knew the value and the "feel" of ten thousand a year: it is open to question whether Fuseli, whose finances never kept pace with his talents, would have rejected the offer with so little consideration.

With an appearance not unlike Goethe, with an undoubted talent, the master of nine languages (when irritated he would relieve his feelings by swearing in all of them), Henry Fuseli was a man of unquestionable intellect and ability. Whether he would have appreciated the honour of being acclaimed one of the fathers of modern surrealism is more doubtful. Happy is the man



GEORGE III, who took a great personal interest in the founding of the Academy. This celebrated portrait by Allan Ramsay is now in the National Portrait Gallery

who knows his own father, yes—but how unhappy is he who, even when interred for 150 years, must be hailed by the treble voices of such a strange and, perhaps, unwanted offspring?

The seventh Keeper, George Jones, was another man of distinguished appearance—not literary or aesthetic as in the case of Fuseli, but military. One of the joys of his life was, in fact, that he so closely resembled the Duke of Wellington as often to be mistaken for him. A story goes that a friend of Jones once remarked to the duke, "Mr. Jones, I believe." The great duke, with his usual steamroller charm, replied: "If you believe that, you will believe anything."

During the 187 years since its foundation the Academy has had many Keepers, sixteen in all preceding me. Looking at the long list, one cannot sometimes help wondering who

some of them were—till one realizes with an unpleasant, if salutary, shock that some painter yet unborn may perhaps pause for a second's incomprehension against one's own name in the records. Still, who, for instance, was Philip Hermogenes Calderon—a combination of names that should certainly have arrested the Muse of History?

PERHAPS this is hardly the moment to write about the Academy, that is, if one has had anything to do with the selection or arrangement of the Exhibition. One common misconception, however, I must remove, and that is that the Hanging Committee gets any sinister or sadistic pleasure out of its task. I have served on many Hanging Committees and can never remember enjoying myself, nor seeing Bela Lugosi sneer upon the faces of any of my fellow "hangmen." It is a thankless and hard task—in fact I can think of none harder. To attempt to make 1,200 diverse pictures look well on the walls of this vast building is a Herculean labour. The articulate among us tend to become verbose, while the reserved go off and sulk in corners, or, like characters in some Elizabethan tragedy, attempt dark rearrangements on their own "behind the arras."

FORTUNATELY the Royal Academy is a place of tradition, one of the most excellent being that the Hanging Committee and the Jury should be well fed and wined at luncheon. I remember that at one time soup was served at eleven; nowadays it is sherry. The soothing influence of good food and wine, together with the lovely Georgian rooms of Burlington House, usually combine to mellow the members, and make us forgive each other our immense stupidities and outrageous bad taste!

Then back we go to work again, and the disintegration of our characters and judgments recommences. At five o'clock the whistle blows and the workmen depart, but the harried hangers are still there—sometimes, like Penelope at her loom, assiduously undoing the work that it has taken them all day to do!

It is at moments like these that one echoes the words of Gainsborough: "I am sick of portraits, and wish very much to take my viol de gam and walk off to some sweet village, where I can paint landscapes and enjoy the fag-end of life in quietness and ease."



The Antique Schools at Somerset House, Strand, painted by Zoffany, who was one of the founder-members of the R.A. This picture, with its dramatic effects of light and shade, emphasizes the reverence for classic art which informed the eighteenth century. It also shows that from the start the Royal Academy set itself the task of a teaching, as well as an exhibiting, institution

Roundabout

Paul Holt



THE election of Sir Anthony Eden as leader of the Conservative Party is of far more importance than his succession to the premiership. For as Prime Minister he is still a straw man, awaiting the mandate from the country. But as leader of his party he is whole and in the round. As party leader he has authority, and the next few weeks will show how he uses it.

So, I think, the time comes to assess his character anew.

He has suffered all his life from his handsomeness, and from the Savile Row quality of his clothes. He is known by his Homburg.

BUT the real quality of the man lies inside him and is not to be seen by the casual viewer.

He has the tenacity and courage of a Yorkshire terrier.

At Munich time he resigned. There are some who say Lord Salisbury pushed him into it. But if that is so Sir Anthony is a different man today. For while Lord Salisbury remains a fierce supporter of the U.S. State Department policy, Sir Anthony has sent them into a frenzy and fret in Washington by his demand for recognition of Communist China. His reason is simple.

We live by export trade, China is a good market and Hong Kong is the best shop window in the East.

THERE is one other quality that Sir Anthony brings to public life as presumptive leader of the nation.

Sir Winston Churchill has always laughed at him for his dull speaking. His famous comment is well known, but unprintable. But Sir Anthony has a quality Sir Winston always lacked. He has the courage to delegate authority. In the last days of Sir Winston's premiership government almost came to a full stop. For the great old man could not bear to let the reins out of his hands, yet was so impatient of detail in domestic affairs that papers piled high on the tables of his ministers.

Sir Anthony has all the ability for committee government, just as his rival Mr. Clement Attlee has. If he wins, we shall see a move on in our affairs.

★ ★ ★

LORD LAWSON complains that "horror comics" missing from the House of Lords library were there when he left.

"I went into the library the other day to have a look at these comics. The librarian said then that one had gone. I had a good look at them and, with my hand on my heart, I can say there were five when I left."

I believe Lord Lawson.

But you know how it is with peers. See a pin and pick it up will do for peeresses, but see a comic and swipe it will do even better for a peer. They live secluded lives and are curious.



"... the perfect line of poetry comes to you. It has everything"

How do you write a poem?

I lunched the other day with John Pudney, who describes himself as "a good class second-class poet."

He wrote, if you remember, the best simple poem of World War Two, "Johnny Head in Air." He said: "It took me until I was thirty-five years of age to learn how to do it. It may be at a cocktail party, or in bed at three in the morning when you wake up, when the perfect line of poetry comes to you. It has everything. It is brilliant, tender, perfect. Then you get down to writing the rest of it and find that the first line has everything you wanted to say. And so the rest of the poem, the rhythm and the meaning, seems dull and repetitive."

"What you have to do is to persevere, and when you have got your poem finished you must cut out your first line and forget about it. You must write something simple and introductory to what you want to say, otherwise you have no poem at all on your hands."

"This is not easy to do, but it must be done."

I wonder whether Keats had the same troubles?

★ ★ ★

GILBERT HARDING, who has become quite a personality of our time, is back from his holiday and wishful to resume the hurly-burly of living.

He went to Spain, took time off in Paris, and is home, still disgusted by his weight (for he likes eating), but cheerful for the adventure to come.

I have interested him in the problem of the reputation of King Richard III and he has promised to interest the B.B.C. in the subject.

Did Richard murder the little princes in the Tower? I don't think so and nor does he.

Mr. Harding summed up for me the three ages of an actress.

Under twenty: "She might make the grade, you know."

P R O B L E M

*The ha-ha hedge shoots up apace.
No longer can I oil
The horny palms of gardeners
And therefore I must toil.*

*Shall I run riot with the shears,
Be drastic? I don't know
Whether to chop it to hee-hee
Or let it grow ho-ho!*

—LORNA WOOD

Twenty to thirty: "I don't know for myself. She may manage. Of course..."

Over fifty: "But isn't she *marvellous*?"

The ageing actress is the queen of the stage today and the youngsters, who regard her practised pranks with awe and irritation, are wondering what to do about it.

Two young actors recently made a curtain speech, which was very naughty of them, thanking the audience for their kind applause and saying that it was particularly pleasing to them because that evening they were celebrating their seventy-fifth birthday. The audience, bewildered but polite, applauded.

★ ★ ★

THE Bishop of Lancaster, the Rt. Rev. A. L. B. Hoskyns-Abrahall, does not approve of sex-equality. He thinks women are stronger and objects to them adding male vices to the vices that are normal to a woman.

The bishop is scared. He sees what I see. He sees a woman aping the male.

In a car she puffs a cigarette, drives in a swaggering manner and slams the gears.

In a crowd she pushes.

How much stronger she would be if she kept to her gentleness, which is natural to her. For with a cigarette drooping from her under lip and her foot in a high-heeled shoe stamping on the accelerator, and knowing all the time that her reflexes are different from a man's, she is a fake.

★ ★ ★

I AM sorry to find that the three-year-old form is so bad this year. Hugh Lupus, the Irishman, was hoped for the Derby, but was badly beaten at the Curragh the other day. Acropolis won nicely at Thirsk and Alexander at Kempton, but it is possible we still have not seen the Derby winner out.

As for the fillies: Bride Elect, Dark Helen and Gloria Nicky remain shy girls. They are still under wraps.

I fear the French invasion, but I am not so frightened of the Irishmen.

P.S. I would give you odds of 5 to 4 that C. Smirke is leading jockey at the end of this flat racing season.



PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, R.A., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., continues the modern tradition that Presidents of the Royal Academy should be men of colourful and forthright personality. A Georgian by character and conviction, he brings a full, rounded sense of the eighteenth century into his discourse and way of living, while it is the traditionally vocal and aggressive *avant-garde* of art who, on his approach, retire into their shells, from which pained defensive mutters are presently heard—particularly at his recently broadcast proposal to embellish the City with colonnades after Bernini. He is one of the very few architects who have ever held the office of P.R.A., but there is no doubt that he will be found to equal painters Munnings and Kelly in popularizing, in the best possible way, an institution which has suffered too much in the past from hiding its light under a bushel.

GOLDEN AGE

*The rising generation
is of fairest promise*



CHARLES LOWRY-CORRY is the three-year-old elder son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Lowry-Corry. His mother is a daughter of the late Viscount Plumer and his father is a kinsman of the Earl of Belmore. He has a brother born in March this year



ANDREW AND EDWARD HAY are the children of Mr. Philip Hay, private secretary to the Duchess of Kent, and Lady Margaret Hay, lady-in-waiting to the Queen. Their mother is the sister of the Marquess of Hertford. Andrew is three and his brother five

THE children today have lost the peaky look which their elder brothers and sisters wore in the postwar years. They are a joy to the eye and a proof that the days of substitute nourishment, however scientific, are over.

The children of Great Britain today, in every walk of life, are among the loveliest and healthiest in the world. This is no doubt due to the many infant welfare centres, the wide range of genuine food, better designed and better quality children's clothes, and the fervent hope in the mind of all parents that a better and more stable world is being built.

The London parks are once again full of happy little boys and girls. Our own beloved little Prince Charles and Princess Anne frequent these parks, often some of the outer London ones, with their nanny and governess when they are in London. Both children look the picture of health with their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, keen to see and learn about everything around.

AMONG the very young, some of the loveliest children I can call to mind are firstly Viscount and Viscountess Melgund's son and heir, the Hon. George Elliott, now nearly two years old, who is a happy, rosy-faced baby with fair hair like his beautiful mother. Another little boy about the same age who will be spending the summer in London with his parents is Lord Eskdaill, son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, who has so far spent most of his babyhood days in Scotland.

I often see Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo's two youngest daughters, five-year-old Meriel and two-year-old Grania, with their glistening red-gold hair, leaving their Hill Street home for a walk in Hyde Park with Nanny. Two other little girls who go there daily are Lord and Lady Mancroft's curly-haired daughters, Victoria and Jessica, who come across to the north side from their home in Montagu Square.

LORD and Lady Dunboyne's three-year-old son the Hon. John Butler, who at the moment wants to be a farmer, often accompanies his two-year-old sister Mary and Nanny for a walk in Chelsea Hospital Gardens. Other happy young children who are growing up fast include the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland's family of three girls and their youngest child, one-and-a-half year old Earl Percy, and the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury's four daughters and their little brother Viscount Ingestre, now two years old, who will one day succeed his father as Premier Earl of Great Britain.

One also calls to mind Nicholas, Emma, Jeremy and Charlotte Soames, the happy, healthy young family of Capt. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, Mr. and Mrs. David Wentworth Stanley's sturdy little son Michael, and Caroline and Ivo, the two younger children of Capt. Oliver and Lady Margaret Dawnay, who like Mr. Philip and Lady Margaret Hay's children, are among Prince Charles and Princess Anne's circle of little friends.

—Elizabeth Kenward



Barry Swaabe

*Occasion for regal dignity
firmly grasped by a very*
YOUNG ELIZABETHAN

SEATED on an ancient lacquered chest, Una-Mary Diana Parker, seventeen-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker, of Rosary Gardens, S.W.7, brings immense gravity to the task of living up to her beautiful scarlet and gold dress, which is a replica of one known to have been worn by Queen Elizabeth I when a child. She is the granddaughter of the late Prebendary the Hon. Archibald Parker; and her father, who married Miss Una-Mary Nepean Gubbins in 1951, is a kinsman of the Earl of Macclesfield



Michael Dunne

*In a Roman drawing-room,
once a Cardinal's, is seen*

THE COUNTESS CRESPI

ONE of the leaders of Rome society is Countess Crespi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William O'Connor, of New York City, who married Count Rudolfo Crespi in 1948. She is here in the drawing-room of her home on the Via Pinciana, whose beautiful frescoes were painted by an unknown French artist imported by Cardinal Bayane, who lived here in the eighteenth century. Count and Countess Crespi have a son, Brando, and a daughter, Pilar. When her many social engagements permit the Countess greatly enjoys open-air sports, and is in particular an excellent golfer and skier

Priscilla in Paris

Heroine of the salon

As surely as dog-days in March and snow in May (this according to the statistics of recent seasons) comes the Salon des Indépendants in April. It is, I think, the most interesting of the many official exhibitions of painting that take place in Paris from one year's end to another. Official inasmuch as it has been formally accepted as being of "public utility," but not in what one might call the pompous sense of the word. It was founded in 1884 by a group of painters, amongst whom were Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, Paul Signac—who, for twenty-six years presided over the assembly—and many others who became world famous.

This year the Salon is held at the Grand Palais and, as well as the paintings of our modern "independants," there is a particularly representative collection of the works of such masters as Matisse, Luce, Marquet, Pissaro, and Van Rysselberghe, as well as some eighteen canvasses by Signac himself. He died in 1935 and this retrospective display was to honour his memory.

GETTING there rather late on the varnishing day I made a quick dash to see these but I took time, in room 38, to admire a vitrine containing some exquisite little figurines. Sculpted by Mlle. Coutant, they were grouped to compose colourful tableaux of the Middle Ages. Mlle. Coutant, a very young girl and, apparently, a very shy little person, seemed terrified of the newsreel operator who was filming the vitrine. He utterly failed to persuade her to pose for him.

It was a pity. She was charming, looking like a young Hamlet in her black slacks, black, high-necked jumper and her short crop of heavy, sleek, flaxen hair.

MONSIEUR MAURICE LEHMANN is nothing if not eclectic. Last week he invited us to enjoy the gay music and happy romping of Offenbach's *Belle Hélène* translated in terms of the ballet. Gladly we obtempered.

This week we were bidden to the presentation of *Numance*, an opera of horrific grimness, adapted by Salvador Madariaga from Cervantes' sombre drama.

In 133 B.C. the Spanish town of Numantia is besieged by the Romans. Preferring death to captivity the Spaniards kill themselves *en masse*. The opera is then able to end *faute de combattants*. A most tragic affair, but we have learned to wallow imperturbably in horrors and if M. Lehmann expected us to blench I fear he was disappointed.

Our nerves are jaded. We are hardened. The Grand Guignol has inured us to every form of suicide. MM. Clouzot and Hitchcock have trained us to stand suspense with fortitude. Despite the adroit crowd-work ordained, by the producer and the anguish of the Numantian women, we were unable to achieve a single shudder!

Indeed, the interval between the two acts was one of the gayest I have ever enjoyed. Once we had said all the right

things about M. Henry Barraud's austere magnificent score, so brilliantly conducted by M. Louis Fourestier, we felt free to discuss heatedly—and admiringly—another new suspense film by Jules Dassin: *Du rififi chez les hommes*. There is an amazing shot (or is it called a sequence?) that lasts for almost half an hour. It is acted with no musical accompaniment, not a word is spoken, one only hears the quick breathing of the men (and almost that of the sweat trickling down their faces); the sound of the tools they use and their deft movements as they break into a jeweller's store from the floor above and open the safe. . . .

THIS is a piece of bravura that holds the spectators spellbound. The rest of the picture is the usual gangster rough-stuff, but remarkably played by Jean Servais, who has been seen on the stage in London with the Barraults. It appears, however, as if the days of the "black" films are coming to an end in Paris. Two have been vetoed recently. From what one heard they did not seem particularly outrageous, but who

can follow the moods of the gentlemen with the shears? Producers will have to resort to camouflage and the theatres will be obliged to suppress the cruder forms of pictorial advertisement and sensational blurb.

WE have been amused by the fact that General Koenig—Minister of the Armed Forces—refused the usual permission given in order to permit the Gardes Républicaines to form the guard of honour at the gala premiere of *Du rififi chez les hommes*. The canny organisers then got hold of the Préfet de Police and rushed him into accepting before he realised what it was all about. The men in blue, wearing their best uniforms with the red *fourragère* of the "legion of honour" that only comes out on state occasions, looked extremely well.

Maitre d'accessoire

● The Jean Barreyres seem to have a butler. He turns out merely to be the mechanic they have engaged to keep all the domestic servant-saving gadgets in order!



Paul Tanqueray

MISS ESTHER ASHTON is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Ashton, of La Paz, Bolivia. She was presented to the Queen this year by the wife of the Bolivian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Miss Ashton is a niece of Mr. Frederick Ashton, the distinguished ballet choreographer



Miss Caroline Crompton-Inglefield and Mr. Michael Hurt were looking out for friends as they descended the main staircase to the ballroom



Major P. Profumo, the new Master of the Meynell, formerly Joint-Master of the Coollattin, with Mrs. J. Wilson

HUNT BALL HELD IN A DERBYSHIRE CASTLE

ELVASTON CASTLE, which belongs to the Earl of Harrington, was the scene of the Meynell Hunt steeplechase ball on the eve of their annual point-to-point meeting. Guests came from all over the Midlands and from London



Mr. Gerald Hibberts and Miss Philippa Wood, who are both followers of the Meynell, admiring some of the magnificent armour

Mr. J. M. Spurrier, a Meynell follower for over sixty years, with Mrs. N. G. Pearson



Miss Wilma Hay partnered by Mr. Neville Maine-Tucker. The Gothic Hall, where the dance was held, was designed by Wren



Miss Noreen Keyworth and Mr. John Dalton, two more of the guests who hunt with the Meynell, had come over from Nottingham





Miss Jean Frew, Miss Muriel Rose, Mr. George Orme, Miss Teresa Wilkinson, Mr. John Orme and Mr. Stanley Bury were a party of six in the supper room



Miss Elizabeth Fiennes, who is a noted rider, and Mr. Antony Leaf were sitting out one of the dances in the library

Miss Audrey Hardy, from Kenya, and Mr. Hugh Dawnay, son of Major-Gen. Dawnay

Miss Caroline Blackett was dancing with Mr. John Wright, who had come over from Morley Manor, near Elvaston, for the occasion

Miss Barbara Hellaby and Mr. E. Herridge, who are neighbours at Dovedale, in Derbyshire



At the Theatre

Satisfying
hokum

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

NEITHER Broadway (for making it) nor Mr. Jack Hylton (for importing it) need apologise for *Kismet*. Critics may deride it as a piece of Oriental stage hokum; but it is hokum for which the public is always hungering and periodically insists on having, whether in the form of a *Chu Chin Chow*, a *Hassan* or a Christmas pantomime.

All that matters is that the hokum should be prepared "regardless" and handed over with conviction; and at the Stoll it is so done.

OF its success there is hardly any question, but one or two odd characteristics may be noted. Most of the music is drawn from themes of Borodin. So when the rhyming poet sings of his trade in the crowded bazaars, we get echoes from *Prince Igor*; when the sword-carrying princesses are homesick in Baghdad they give us some of the Polovtsian dances; and so forth. Whether we are irritated at

hearing a classical andantino flattened into a tenor ballad or feel comfortably that the result is, on the whole, more melodious than the composers might have achieved unaided is, of course, a matter of experience and taste.

It may be assumed, however, that the pang of regret will come to the comparatively few, and that by far the greater part of the audience will enjoy listening to a Borodin speaking with an American accent. And when the nocturne from the second string quartet is turned into the lovely vocal quartet called "And This Is My Beloved," I am with the majority.

ANOTHER marked characteristic of the entertainment is more puzzling. While the story of the beggar whose daughter becomes a queen takes its expected course of romantic absurdity through Old Baghdad the lyrics sound persistently a tartly satirical note. It is as if their authors, Messrs. Robert Wright and George Forrest, had written them for a piece intended to guy the whole Arabian Nights stage

convention; and as if after this intention had been abandoned, the lyrics had been retained on the ground that nobody watching Eastern spectacle on the colossal scale would ever trouble to listen to what was actually said. Anyhow, there the words remain, and for those near enough to hear them distinctly they are an amusing commentary on all the wonderfully romantic things that are happening.

Then, again, the dialogue is curiously mixed. Some of it is an easy exercise in the well-known Eastern flowery style, some of it carries poetic echoes from *Hassan* and the rest is briskly American.

But much more important than these inconsistencies and incongruities is Mr. Alfred Drake, who has been called the best musical comedy male lead in the world and here gives a performance which wholly justifies the claim made for him. It has gusto, gaiety and attack. There is the voice to sing the hero, an Arabian Don Juan, and there is the personality to endow his acting of him with a rich expressiveness.

THE true climax of the evening is his song "Gesticulate," in which the beggar-poet, threatened with the loss of his hands, brilliantly demonstrates their professional uses, and Mr. Drake sends it ringing home. Miss Joan Diener plays up to him admirably as the Wazir's wife, a warm-blooded blonde with a roving eye and a good song in which she sharply mocks the marvels of Old Baghdad.

The heroine is Miss Doretta Morrow, also from New York, who has looks, long black hair and a voice worth hearing. Mr. Peter Grant is the romantic Caliph, and he sings the part pleasingly. Mr. Paul Whitsun-Jones plays the comic Wazir competently in the broad pantomime tradition, and some of the best dancing comes from three barbarian princesses—Misses Sheila O'Neill, Claire Warner and Juliet Prowse.



THE PRINCE AND THE BEGGAR MAID: Marsinah (Doretta Morrow), a poet's daughter, and her Caliph lover (Peter Grant)



SINGING FOR HIS SUPPER: Hajj (Alfred Drake), the beggar poet who rises to fame and prosperity sings his way out of an awkward situation with the Wazir of Police (Paul Whitsun-Jones), who intends some far from gentle torture, while the Wazir's wife, Lalume (Joan Diener), casts longing eyes in his direction



VIVIEN LEIGH AT STRATFORD

VIVIEN LEIGH has begun her season at Stratford as a spirited and charming Viola in *Twelfth Night*. The Oliviers head a distinguished company in the ninety-sixth season, which is the most star-studded ever to be seen at this famous theatre. Sir Laurence is playing Malvolio, while Viola is the latest of a long line of Shakespearean heroines for Vivien Leigh, who has brought her talents and exceptional loveliness to Juliet, Titania and Ophelia and, never more brilliantly, to Cleopatra

Angus McBean

London Limelight

The granary creaks

"THE DESPERATE HOURS" has arrived at the Hippodrome with a flourish of transoceanic trumpets. Even the *New Yorker*, it seems, fell under the spell of its drawn-out suspense, which is almost as if Socrates had risen from the shades to pat an earthly back.

The story is of an American-way-of-life family who are invaded by escaped convicts and are held to ransom whilst the killers consolidate their freedom. The husband and daughter are even allowed out of the occupied house to go about their business, whilst the younger child is held as a pledge of silent return.

Terrified equally by the villains and the danger of slap-happy policemen, the family live through twenty-four hours of terror, which appeared to at least one of the audience to last even longer. I could not for the life of me see why, once the husband had proved

himself foolhardily courageous, he did not take more positive action. Several ways out of the predicament leapt to mind, each invalidating the tension. There remained nothing but the writing, which was at no point memorable and far too frequently as banal as a film script; and, of course, the acting.

Richard Carlyle, the U.S. import, was reasonably convincing as the senior Teddy-boy-psychopathic and Diana Churchill with Bernard Lee dealt adequately with the available corn as husband and wife.

The multiple set, by Howard Bay, was

the best thing in an evening designed to please the ingenuous mind, but even this was no great advance on the tricks which Philip Henslowe used at the Rose in 1603. And I suspect that the latter had better material for his blood-and-thunder.

MR. J. RAY is currently appearing at the Palladium as a dance-band singer.

I write the prefix "Mister" with some misgiving, since the performer refers to himself as "We," and, indeed, holds court nightly to large numbers of his delighted subjects. On his debut it was apparent that all his lieges could utter hysterical screams and many of them had learned to talk. The male hierarchy of this gathering had adopted peculiar, almost late Victorian, hairstyles, and a number of the ladies, generally trousered, carried the insignia of their devotion upon their knitted bosoms.

Mr. Ray himself wore a dark-grey dinner jacket archly piped with black, and carried a hearing aid. Perhaps the infirmity thus inferred is nature's protection against the cacophony of the performance.

The Americans, after the English, are my favourite people, but I could not feel that this exhibition reflected creditably on either nation.

—Youngman Carter



Glen Griffin (Richard Carlyle), a monster without conscience or feeling, finds he has underrated the qualities of Dan Hilliard (Bernard Lee), the suburban householder, and his wife Eleanor (Diana Churchill)

At the Pictures

Trade wind blows



The sixth wife (Nicole Maurey) enforces her point of view on her spouse (Rex Harrison), a multiple bigamist who has conveniently lost his memory, in *The Constant Husband*

JUST as one was wondering when British films would ever shake out of the doldrums where they seem to have stuck, here come three beauties in a row.

First in order of merit comes *The Prisoner*, directed by Peter Glenville, who in this work transfers his talent from stage to screen with signal success. It is, of course, the screen version of Bridget Boland's play. Alec Guinness repeats his stage role of the Cardinal in a totalitarian state who is arrested and driven by psychological pressure to confess to crimes he never committed.

Jack Hawkins is the interrogator whose diabolical skill in making the half-truth appear the whole truth wears down the saintly Cardinal's moral and intellectual resistance.

OF course, it is not strictly a motion picture. These involved and intense duologues between Cardinal and interrogator are more suited to stage than screen. There is little scope for the camera except in close-up and nuance.

But the superlative acting of Guinness and the almost equally impressive performance of Hawkins put this picture outside the ordinary critical canon. It is a rare privilege to watch two such accomplished actors face to face exchanging an intelligent script.

Guinness seems to act his part with every inch of his body and being. His

extraordinarily expressive face, his meticulously chosen gesture and movement seem to embody the noble character he portrays.

The hypothesis of this interrogatory technique is that all of us have a chink in our moral armour, something of which we feel guilty. In the Cardinal's case it is that he did not love his mother. Hawkins probes this chink until his victim's defences collapse. The broken prelate is ready to do anything to atone for his sin, even to confess to a lot of nonsense. It is really frightening to see so fine a spirit as the Cardinal's so utterly humiliated.

TO relieve the gloom and tension there is a grimly humorous intervention by Wilfrid Lawson as the philosophical gaoler, and a less successfully interpolated love-affair between Jeannette Sterke and Richard Lewis. But do not miss this film.

Our native actresses who are always complaining that British films have few parts for girls can have no complaints about *The Constant Husband*, which provides Rex Harrison with six wives and other female companionship.

This is an amusing, suave comedy from the old and reliable firm of Lauder and Gilliat. It is clearly and neatly designed as a vehicle for the abilities of Harrison in the domain of light comedy and civilised sex-appeal.

Our Rex wakes up one day in a strange village and cannot remember who or what he is. Amnesia. With the aid of a psychiatrist, played with gusto by Cecil Parker, he sets out to discover his past.

It would have been better if he had not, for his past embraces six loving wives, as well as other unconventional features, gradually revealed to our horrified hero whose new-found character rejects his old with growing alarm.

Two of his polygamistic partners are Kay Kendall and the French actress, Nicole Maurey, and a nice contrast they provide in sophisticated and primitive femininity. Miss Kendall's talent for this kind of urbane comedy of situation is given full rein. Margaret Leighton is most diverting as the woman counsel briefed to defend the rascally Rex.

FINALLY there is a Michael Balcon production, turned out with all the polish we now expect from Ealing Studios, *The Ship that Died of Shame*.

Taken from Nicholas Monsarrat's novel, it is the story of motor-gunboat 1087. We meet her at the height of her wartime glory. Then peace brings moral and physical disintegration to ship and crew. Tragedy begins when three of her old crew buy 1087 from the scrapheap. Starting with cross-Channel smuggling, they sink deeper until they are not far short of murder. In the end the proud ship loses heart.

It makes an excellent film for there is plenty of action to go with a shapely story about credible characters. Richard Attenborough gives an outstanding performance as Hoskins, the flashy Jimmy the One, who inveigles the other two into his shady operations. Bill Owen is well cast as the ex-Coxswain. The third partner, the ex-Skipper, is George Baker, and this young man has the ability, the youth and the looks to warrant future attention.

Altogether a great week for the English.

—Dennis W. Clarke



"20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA" is Walt Disney's CinemaScope Technicolor production of the Jules Verne classic. This thrilling sea-saga of the 1860's, which introduced the idea of a submarine for the first time to an enthralled public, stars James Mason as Captain Nemo and Paul Lucas as Professor Aronnax. Above: Nemo and Aronnax are rowed ashore by a member of the crew of the submarine Nautilus



MARTHA HYER began her film career by for two years playing the feminine lead in Westerns. She decided to change her hair style and colour, which resulted in her being given more sophisticated roles. Her latest film is for Universal International, and is called *Kiss of Fire*, with Jack Palance and Barbara Rush



MYRNA HANSEN was elected Miss U.S.A. in the 1953 "Miss Universe" contest. She has made twelve films, the latest being *A Man Without a Star*, with Kirk Douglas and Jeanne Crain, and *The Purple Mask*, featuring Tony Curtis and Colleen Miller. She was born in Chicago and was a top model in America before entering films

Television

CÆSAR'S WIFE

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

ELECTIONEERING is now in order. Programmes and personalities have been ironed and starched to fit the Corporation's correct observance of neutrality. Paradoxically, of course, it is the serious programmes with a hint of political intelligence, "Press Conference" and Mr. Mayhew's "Peaceful Co-Existence?" series, which must go by the board for fear of partiality.

Besides the election, however, there is an anniversary: ten years since victory in Europe. It seems probable that, unless the historic figure of Sir Winston is thought to assume too prominent a part, we shall be allowed to see, on Monday, the programme compiled by Richard Cawston called "VE-Day Plus Ten": a sort of scrap-book, I gather, of these "promised years."

To-night's "At Home" in Alton is also topical. Richard Dimpleby, by now our accepted guide to the stately homes of England, will take us round Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's converted Hampshire mill-house, and even into the famous wartime caravans at the bottom of the garden. Perhaps the Field-Marshal may not work Dimpleby so hard as the Duke of Norfolk seemed to do on the rather formal tour of Arundel. "Monty" may be the

more colourful, showmanlike type of host, like Peter Ustinov, whose brilliant "At Home" began this series. We are promised a peep at the historic Surrender Document.

ANOTHER important wartime personality will be back on TV on Monday night, when "VE-Day Plus Ten" is followed by "Bless 'em All," with Vera Lynn. It is at least arguable that the B.B.C. judges rightly, and has put into the week's programmes the three personalities who did most for wartime morale.

Outstanding among more conventional weapons of entertainment should be Sunday's production of Charles Morgan's *The River Line*, one of the best serious English plays on a late-war theme. Rosalie Crutchley is interestingly cast in Pamela Brown's part.

Saturday's "Saturday" show is worth noting for the presence of Jon Pertwee, whom I find one of our few real drolls.



The gramophone

MAJOR DEITY.

NO living actor in the British theatre is better qualified to speak about Sarah Bernhardt than Esmé Percy.

Currently, he has set down a lecture of

reminiscences which he calls "The Legend of Sarah Bernhardt."

This is no mean undertaking, and that Esmé Percy has succeeded in maintaining our interest throughout the recording is something of which he can be justly proud.

With a long and distinguished career to his credit, Mr. Percy presents his lecture with all the knowledge of showmanship and polish that one would expect of him.

He speaks of his subject with absolute sincerity. He is often amusing, and at times genuinely moving. He is never dull, and creates and maintains an atmosphere that is never off key. His reading will bring a great deal of pleasure to those who, like myself, are happily content to listen to the cadence of a beautifully-pitched voice, for despite the passing of time, Esmé Percy has never lost the power to use his vocal chords for our continued delight.

I HAVE but one criticism to offer, and this is that we do not hear the voice of the "Divine Sarah" on the recording. I think this is a mistake, but appreciating all the knowledge and experience that is packed into the whole, the omission may be deliberate.

Here is a waxen document which at once becomes something of historical value; had it included the voice of Sarah Bernhardt I believe that value would have been enhanced.

That the omission is there should not, however, prevent the discerning of all ages from listening to this record. Hear it once and you will hear it often, for it is a work of art to keep, enjoy and hand on to posterity. (ARGO. RG. 38.)

—Robert Tredinnick



A POWERSCOURT BRIDE MARRIED IN DUBLIN

FRIENDS came from England and all over Ireland for the wedding of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt's only daughter, the Hon. Grania Wingfield, to Sir Terence and Lady Langrishe's eldest son, Mr. Hercules Langrishe. This took place in lovely St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, which was beautifully decorated with white flowers. The Archbishop of Dublin officiated, and there was a full choir of over fifty, so that it really was a beautiful and impressive service.

The bride made a memorable picture as she walked up the long red-carpeted aisle with her father, wearing a hand-quilted crinoline gown of white slipper satin, with her short white tulle veil held in place by a head-dress of white hyacinths. Her six bridesmaids, Miss Deirdre Wingfield, Miss Susan Wright and Miss Susan Whitaker, her cousins, with Miss Mary Whitbread, Miss Ann Zuill and Miss Fiona Browne wore long champagne-coloured net dresses over pink, with head-dresses and bouquets of spring flowers.

GUESTS motored out to the bride's magnificent home, Powerscourt, in Co. Wicklow, where they were received by Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt and Sir Terence and Lady Langrishe in the lofty first-floor ballroom.

After being greeted, guests were able to pass through to the suite of State reception rooms overlooking the terraces and magnificent garden of Powerscourt. In these rooms were arranged the many wedding presents the young couple had received.

It would be right to say that besides the relations present nearly every big family in Ireland was represented. Lord Powerscourt's uncle, the Hon. Maurice Wingfield, proposed the health of the young couple in a charming speech.

THOSE present included the bride's brothers, the Hon. Mervyn Wingfield and the Hon. Guy Wingfield, the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Patrick Langrishe, who was best man, Mr. Robin Langrishe, Mrs. Richard Boughey, in a printed silk dress, with Capt. Richard Boughey. The Earl and Countess of Meath and his mother Aileen, Countess of Meath, were talking to the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet. Lord Templemore, a cousin of the bride, was among the ushers, and others present were Lady Windlesham, Lord and Lady Moyne, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Morogh Bernard talking to Lord de Freyne, who has just bought their house in Ireland.

—Jennifer



Capt. and Mrs. Denis Purdon, from Co. Westmeath, were looking out for friends arriving at the reception

Mr. Eric Arnott, who was one of the ushers, with Miss Susan Wright and Miss Deirdre Wingfield, two of the bridesmaids, who are cousins of the bride



Right: The Marchioness of Headfort, the Marquess of Headfort and Lord Inchiquin, who had come up with Lady Inchiquin from his home Dromoland Castle, Co. Clare



Far right: Mrs. Anthony Wingfield, Brig. Wingfield, D.S.O., and Mrs. Whitaker. Mrs. Wingfield and Mrs. Whitaker are both cousins of the bride



Right: Lady Maurcen Methuen-Campbell, a sister of the Earl of Meath, Miss Jean Campbell and the Hon. Laurence Methuen-Campbell

Far right: Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, Bt., from Boyle, with Mr. Patrick Herdman, Master of the Strabane, and Mrs. Herdman

Mrs. Julian Salmond and her mother, the Hon. Mrs. FitzHerbert Wright, sister of the bride's father, Viscount Powerscourt

Miss Victoria de Rutzen, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett and the late Baron de Rutzen, was listening to the Marquess of Waterford

Sir Terence Langrishe, Bt., and Lady Langrishe, the parents of the bridegroom. Sir Terence Langrishe is the 6th baronet



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

BY having the 365-windowed family chateau near Poitiers blown up with dynamite the other day after vain attempts at disposal, the Marquis de Maussabré solved hitherto-insoluble problems of upkeep and taxation in the logical Gallic way, as every thoughtful demolition-contractor will agree.

The news-item reminded us oddly of a once-popular Academy masterpiece called—unless we err—*The Last Day in The Old Home*, featuring two or three despondent sahibs brooding in the manor library, a half-prostrate memsahib or two, and the usual Aged Family Retainer weeping ostentatiously in the background. This twofaced old crook might fitly—had anyone had the Marquis de Maussabré's inspiration and a knack for quick planning—have gone up with the Old Home, it occurs to one; thus robbing the First Day in the New Home of some of its depressions and, maybe, bringing about a curious sudden drop in the cellar-accounts as well. However, the family presumably thought of this, if at all, too late. In fact it seemed to us, on glimpsing a print of this picture in a junkshop window recently, that the Squire, staring dully into the park, is thinking wholly of his ancestors and cursing them. Like many ancestors, they must have planted elms instead of good saleable oak—a heartless long-distance joke on posterity which was fairly common, chaps in this position tell us.

A deliberate joke, too, we fancy. With those jovial periwigged sportsmen roaring over their wine the word was "acorns." No wonder they had to be carried nightly to bed.

Rocket

"WHAT Mr. Gladstone said in 1888—" began the publicity boys, introducing a brisk reel of patter in favour of something or other—maybe Globbo or Zippo—which, we dare aver, Mr. Gladstone would have been the last person to mention in public or private, even under his breath.

Our own curiosity, relatively mild, as to what Mr. Gladstone said on any given date is limited to his remarks on receiving that sizzling rocket by wire from Buckingham Palace after the news of General Gordon's death at Khartoum:

You have murdered Gordon.—VICTORIA.

Maybe Mr. Gladstone said "Coo!", and let it ride. Maybe he spoke earnestly for 3½ hours, as when introducing the Home Rule Bill of 1886. We often think someone should be present to record the big boys' reactions on getting a rocket; especially from women, who are notoriously so fond of this pastime that it gives one constant pleasure to recall the occasion when the Women of England *en masse* received a terrific blast for being a pack of mopsies, wantons, floozies, trollops, fibbertigibbets, and no-goods. It came from the Gentlemen of England on the discovery that the so-called Achilles statue at Hyde Park Corner, presented to Wellington by the Women of England, was a nude.

That was a day. Gentlemen simply retched with disgust and denounced the mems in every newspaper in England. Excuse this hiccup.

Lure

DEFINITION, neat, of a psychiatrist, in a Paris weekly: "a gentleman who goes to the Folies-Bergère to look at the spectators."

Spectators, one of the Harley Street boys tells us, are divided to begin with into pyknoids, or round-headed extroverts, and schizoids, or egg-headed introverts. You visiting white men little dream, as you gulp your delighted fill at the Folies, that some lurking psychiatrist has classified you thus at one glance and is proceeding, maybe, to rather embarrassing mental sub-divisions. To him you seem far more interesting than a flock of dumb nudes parading up and down a fake-marble staircase with cardboard teapots on their heads (this would be "A Dream of Old Sèvres"), and we think he is right.

Though nudes are not the chief attraction of a Test match—at least they weren't when we last saw one, but the MCC may have brightened up the game a trifle since—the spectator-element here is even more interesting to the expert than at the Folies-Bergère, we gather, because it is the mating-season, and one sees pyknoids and schizoids of both sexes obeying Mother Nature's imperious laws. Thus:

MALE PYKNOID (bellowing): Oh, hit, sir!

(In his ecstasy he taps his pipe on the railings several times—the equivalent of the grasshopper's leg-rubbing

signal. A Female Schizoid's antennae some distance away pick up the call.)

FEMALE SCHIZOID (shrilly): Jolly nice late cut!

(Their eyes meet. They blush and turn aside. Male Pyknoid taps out a few more messages till the tea interval, when the Female Schizoid is missing. Her Mumsie says "I rather think my little girl has heard the Call." She returns engaged to the Male Pyknoid.)

Oddly enough no psychiatrist cares about the number of heads the offspring of such a union may have. "Not our line," say the psycho-boys carelessly.

Vamp

TODAY the dopes would spit on that story, we thought, musing over the build-up by her Press-agents for the late Miss Theodosia Goodman of Cincinnati, once known to a myriad fans as Theda ("Serpent Girl") Bara, queen-vamp of the silent films.

We'd say the boys weren't trying very hard. Having made Miss Goodman the offspring, born in the Sahara, of a French artist and his Arab mistress, they apparently washed their hands and were ready for play, whereas a lycanthropic Russian grand duke and a Voodoo snake-dancer were among her most obvious progenitors. Born in a Haiti swamp at full moon—if her lawyers had no objection—we can see Miss Goodman taking her first gliding step to Hollywood by rescuing some cleancut young explorer (named possibly Hemingway) from the witch-doctors. Her performance of the Turkey Dance would remind Hemingway of somebody in the film racket likely to be interested. Goldblatt? Goldberg? Wait a minute. . .



BRIGGS~~~~~by Graham



Miss Livia Lycett Green, daughter of Sir Stephen and Lady Lycett Green, and Miss Tessa Hoare, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. Hoare, for whom the party was given

DEBUTANTES SHARE A COCKTAIL PARTY

LADY LYCETT GREEN and Mrs. R. Hoare gave a very successful cocktail party for their debutante daughters, Miss Livia Lycett Green and Miss Tessa Hoare, at Claridges. The guests included many debutantes of 1954-'55 and their parents



Top left: Miss Caroline Rich was chatting to Mr. Henry Stockdale. Top right: Miss Carlotta Gray-Horton and Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, who are debutantes this year. Above left: Lady Lycett Green, one of the hostesses, with Sir William Wrixon-Becher. Above right: Miss Janet Illingworth, who came out last year, and Miss Myrna Baskerville-Glegg, a debutante of 1955



Miss Caroline York, who was one of 1954's most popular debutantes, in conversation with Mr. William Ropner. There were 300 guests at the party



Miss Elizabeth Rhys, daughter of the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys, the Hon. Clare Dixon, daughter of Lord and Lady Glentoran, both 1955 debutantes, Capt. Patrick Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, and Mr. D. R. Stewart-Menzies

Desmond O'Neill

PONY CLUB TRIALS IN HAMPSHIRE

THE New Forest Hunts branch of the Pony Club held their first open horse and pony trials at Beufre Farm, Beaulieu. In brilliant sunshine, a record crowd witnessed a fine exhibition of horsemanship by young riders. Particularly outstanding was the all-round ability of the Hampshire Hunt team, who gained the team prize

Left: John Barker, who won the Sutton Challenge Cup, receiving the trophy from Lady Meyrick. It was a special award

Right: Miss Celia Bruce, of Itchen Lodge, Itchen Abbas, and Miss Pru Row-sell, of the H.H., a member of the winning hunt team



At The Races

A VERY OPEN DERBY

DESPITE the fact that many well-meaning prophets have already told us that Our Babu, or Hugh Lupus, was bound to win the Derby, it is highly probable that now the traffic jam is over, our friends may be persuaded to alter their minds and we may find that a change has come over the spirit of the dream, and that Her Majesty's Alexander may intervene. He will certainly have every right to do so, if, that is, Our Babu ever had any claim to the prominence bestowed upon him in those lists which were published so long ago that we have almost forgotten what they were.

Alexander, who has the right name for a conqueror, beat Our Babu fairly and squarely in that early trial of strength, and there seems to be no reason why he should not do it again when, and if, the two colts meet at the always unpredictable Epsom. There has always been a lurking suspicion that the Derby might be just a bit beyond the length of Our Babu's tether, and recent events certainly strengthen this view, for the great race, in its own department, is as full of pitfalls as the Grand National.

The Epsom course has been called quite unjustly "The Rogue's Paradise." A better description would be "the course for an all-

rounder." The only regret, if there is to be a Royal victory, can be that Alexander is a leased animal. Minoru, who won for King Edward VII in 1909, was likewise on hire, but history tells us that that fact did not in any way dampen the public enthusiasm. At the moment we just do not know.

A LETTER from a well-known personality in the Beaufort country, which has always been very well found in the way of foxes, says that I am far too kind to these marauding animals, and that they slaughter not only a lot of lambs, but also many full-grown ewes—and the correspondent is speaking as a personal sufferer. I have always been inclined to doubt whether a fox was big enough to pull down something so much above his weight; but here is first-hand evidence. Lambs have always been possible prey, but where their mammas are concerned I confess I have always been more inclined to suspect the dog who has taken to sheep-killing. My correspondent, however, has no doubt as to the identity of the murderers.



Sheep are somewhat nervous creatures, and I have personally seen some casualties which can only have been caused by sheer fright when a pack of hounds has run through them. In Wiltshire, apparently, foxes have also been doing a lot of damage amongst pigs of tender age. An incident is also mentioned of a fox watching a cow in difficult labour, and then rushing in and dragging the calf away as soon as it was dropped. There would seem to have been a fair chance of a counter-attack in this case, quick as we know a fox can be.

THE recent long holiday break has probably not been any joy to those of the scribbling trade, who have to turn in their tale of bricks, newspapers or no newspapers! Editors do not mean to be brutal, but there are times when they cannot help themselves. If I may recall a personal experience, the first string having been so silly as to get some of his fingers cut off in one of those gentlemanly little wars of long ago, I had to be next man in, and had to catch a relieving column which had got about two-and-a-half marches start over some really poisonous hill country; passes about 14,800 ft. and very difficult. Was I peppered with frantic cables!

Last of all, I got a bit fed up, so I asked a warrior in a grey-back, red braces and perspiration at a forward base telegraph office what was the best way to cork up the London persecutors. Sgt.-Major Smellie said: "If I was you, sir, I'd wire somethink like this 'ere. 'Kind gentleman, your favour to 'and! Am purseedin' to the scene off orsetilities with all doo despatch!'" That, even at press rates, would have cost quite a bit, so I did it in three words!

—SABRETACHE



Right: Major C. Davenport, O.B.E., branch secretary of the Pony Club, talking to Mrs. McMullen and Miss Heather McMullen, who, on Conker, was first in Class 2



Right: The Wilton team, who came second in the hunt team event, were Susan Clare, Annette Gibbon Marella Hosie and Michael Robbins



Richard Barker, Paddy Davison, Dorothy Barker, Elizabeth Barker, Mrs. F. Brownlee and Mr. A. Macdonald were watching



Susan Clare, from the Wilton Pony Club, taking the triple bar in fine style in the show-jumping event, which was of a very high standard. Nearly fifty riders took part in the trials, representing six hunts

Victor Yorke

A MARTIAL EAGLE on the nest with her young. From *Eagles*, by Leslie Brown (Michael Joseph; 18s.), a fascinating account of research into the habits of these magnificent birds both in Africa and Scotland, by an affectionate and highly qualified observer

Book
Reviews
by
Elizabeth
Bowen



WINK OF THE SPHINX

P. H. NEWBY'S *THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA* (Cape; 12s. 6d.) is a comedy set in Egypt, during the days of King Farouk. Edgar Perry, anti-heroic hero, is a lecturer at Cairo University—and, out of hours, is by way of teaching English to Tureiya Pasha, in the distracting presence of the Princess. The story opens with the arrival of Perry's wife Mary, who, after a wartime separation of four years, comes out from England to join him. She lets him know that she loves another and will, please, be requiring a divorce. From day to day, however, nothing gets done, and the Perry marriage drifts its way back to normal. Not for nothing is this Egypt.

At all times, Mr. Newby has a genius for drawing characters whose very oddness makes them convincing, and scenes whose fantasticality makes them true. Mary Perry, for instance, comes to life from the moment we meet her, standing there in the flat—"She had," we read, "an unusually large face for the size of her head. The ears were set far back, giving more room for the countenance. Her eyes were grey and widely separated." The Princess, that desiccated but indefatigable beauty, with her bediamonded feminism, outflow of fiction (which Perry has to translate) and taste for having a finger in every pie, is still more memorable. But the masterpiece is Muawiya Khaslat, Perry's problem student.

INTO all situations, even the most delicate, Muawiya bursts like a rabbit out of a hat—flashily-clad, bumptious and rhetorical. He whizzes from crisis to crisis like a pin-table ball. He is a non-stop operator. Here's a scene in a university classroom, at the close of a lecture, on the verge of a riot:

"I am very glad to find you here, sir," said Muawiya's thick voice, and Perry turned to see the student with his back heroically against the door, his stiff collar flapping free of its front stud, his eyes, unusually large, unusually bulging. "You must hide. You must run and save yourself. Abdul Aziz is saying that it is twenty years since we shot an English professor."

"Who is Abdul Aziz?"

"He is my friend, the gentleman I was talking to at the end of your excellent lecture. Sir,

you spoke jewels during that lecture! I thought Abdul Aziz did not come in at the right moment."

"You mean he's the ringleader of that gang?"

"Ah, but he is an old friend. His brother worked with me on the railway. That is why I know what is on his mind..."

The ups-and-downs of Perry's dementing relationship with Muawiya are really the core of *The Picnic at Sakkara*—an outing which the volatile students, having failed to murder Perry, lovingly arrange for him and his wife. The donkey race, impromptu but a success, is succeeded by the incident with the gun—then, by its tortuous aftermath, involving telephone-calls and taxis. "Let

us agree, shall we, to laugh about it?" suggests the Dean of the university. "Shall we laugh about it, Mrs. Perry? I see you are looking somewhat severe. If we do not laugh there will be such a lot of trouble for us."

Egyptians, as Muawiya constantly points out, have cause to pride themselves on their sense of humour, and are hurt when this does not become infectious. There is one way of taking the goings-on, and Mr. Newby has taken it, superbly. There's an incorrigibility about his people, in this novel, even in English. The final scene in the train is a master-stroke.

★ ★ ★
RUSSIAN ROULETTE, by Anthony Bloomfield (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.), has the theme of danger, though in a different key. "Do you know," says one of the characters to two younger others, "the game of Russian roulette? One chamber of a revolver is loaded; the rest left empty. Then you swivel the cylinder around, hold the revolver to your head and press the trigger. . . . All right. A five to one chance you survive. But—here's the rub—how, after playing once, can you stop? After the risk of it, all other games seem intolerably tedious."

No such diversions, in the literal sense, play a part in the circumspect life of the small English seaside town where Carr, Robinson, Alice exist from day to day. The time of the story is late autumn, quite out of season, visitors gone. The promenade is empty and dank with mists; a sea-clamminess creeps up drab residential streets. Carr, a dissolute journalist, works on the local paper—he is on the run from his ineffectual past. Alice holds down a small secretarial job. Robinson, vaguely engaged to Alice, is a young Corporation clerk. For a long time nothing has happened: now, too much has. Robinson falls under suspicion of having murdered the woman who was his mistress.

The affair with the late Jean, scabrous as it might appear to the outer eye, had for the boy been an upheaving experience. He

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ELDEST DAUGHTER

THE Empress Frederick of Prussia, mother of Kaiser Wilhelm II., spent much of her life trying to liberalise the iron regime closing in on her adopted country. The account of her brave but ineffectual efforts is given in *The Empress Frederick Writes to Sophie* (Faber; 25s.), letters over the years 1889-1901, to her favourite child, the Crown Princess of the Hellenes. The editor, Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Gould Lee, has made of the correspondence a dramatic and moving book, in which the life of the great European Courts of the day comes vividly before the mind's eye. This impression of the Empress is from the portrait by Franz von Lenbach



has been divided between shame and a sense of manhood—and, since then, the gentle compliant Alice (who shares his own ultra-respectable background) has seemed insipid. He had been picked up by Jean in a flashy bar—in itself a defiant escape from small-town tedium—and their goings and comings, though he believed them secret, have attracted attention and started talk. He is known to have visited Jean's flat on the night she came to her violent end. . . . Carr, seeing Robinson's danger more clearly than the boy sees it himself, is fascinated by the situation; he uses it to obtain a psychological domination over Robinson. Alice knows nothing whatever, but resents Carr. And why does Robinson act so queerly?

Boy and girl, with their static courtship, are beautifully drawn. Alice herself, in her quiet way, is as noble as any heroine in fiction. The wintry Sunday excursion to the island, the fleeting happiness by the tearoom fire, Robinson's disclosure on the return journey, and Alice's taking of it are unforgettable. Yet she is a Russian roulette player, too: she begins to feel herself drawn to the dangerous Carr. And the journalist, wishing to force a crisis, compromises Robinson still further with the police—who, all the same, continue to take no action.

This is a novel, not a whodunnit. Robinson (the author always makes clear) *could* be driven to violence, but has not reached the degree supposed. The identity of the actual murderer plays little part in the interest of *Russian Roulette*, which is a study of states of feeling and states of mind. The psychological plot, all the same, is tense; the end is dramatic and clear-cut. Mr. Bloomfield's realism is ruthless; some readers may find it disagreeable. But he has, too, an understanding compassion—this, though it is his first book, shows an adult quality. One cannot doubt Mr. Bloomfield will go far.

★ ★ ★

THE TRY-OUT, by John Wiles (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), is an unusual novel about the theatre. The book, in fact, is unusual twice over—it has an imaginative distinction which stands out, and the language, simple yet subtle, vivid and quick, is unmistakably that of a born writer. But also, here is the theatre stripped of glamour, far from the dazzle of the West End or Broadway. Here are no high rivalries or clashes between temperamental stars. Instead, we follow an anxious company, trying out, through a round of provincial theatres, a play of which few hopes are entertained. The narrator, the "I," is the stage-manager.

The play has the fulminous title of *Storm Thunder*; it is one of those strong dramas set in Cornwall, and is the work of a schoolmaster, George Bale. Literary, naïve and intensely earnest, the author (for these weeks are school holidays) attaches himself to the company on tour, thereby adding to many troubles.

The Try-Out deals with the human drama gathering around the nominal drama of the poor play as, week by week, the tour goes on. Momentum, passion, excitement accumulate. Mr. Wiles is a novelist of a kind who *might* be purely poetic, reflective, and therefore static: I therefore admire him all the more for having conceived such a first-rate plot, kept the action in such unfailing movement, and built up to his climax (and what a climax) at once so surely and so effectively. Professionally, he must know the theatre inside-out—but, also, he *feels* it, with an imagination which apparently nothing has staled or dimmed.

Continued on page 314



Angus McBean

THE CREATOR OF INSPECTOR ALLEYN

NGAIO MARSH is one of those select few women writers on crime who have brought the writing of detective fiction to an art as well as an entertainment. Her latest novel, *Scales of Justice*, was published at the beginning of this month to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Crime Club. Miss Marsh was born in New Zealand, which she has used as the setting for many of her books. She received the O.B.E. in 1948

A Sussex debutante: Miss Henrietta Crawley

MISS HENRIETTA CRAWLEY, who was presented at Court this year, is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, whose home is at Glynde, near Lewes, in Sussex. Her father, the racquets player, is a member of Lloyd's and she is the granddaughter of a late Canon of Windsor





Beauty

Crescendo of fragrance

Jean Cleland

SPRING breezes, spring flowers and spring scents. From the first moment that we catch the delicate breath of primroses, violets and woody moss, we know that spring is in the air. These flowers are the prelude, to be followed—like the notes in a symphony—with Variations on a Floral Theme: hyacinths, lilies of the valley, lilac, honeysuckle and roses, all making a crescendo of fragrance that carries us into summer.

Like music, each scent has its own subtle nuance and its own expression of feeling. Just as a nocturne fits the quietude of a summer evening, a march the pomp and circumstance of a military parade, a mazurka the gaiety of the dance, so each perfume creates its individual melody; a melody suited to the mood, the personality, the place and the occasion.

THE days when a woman used one scent throughout the day and evening—regardless of where she was going or what she was wearing—are gone. Scent nowadays is an integral part of fashion, and as such must be chosen with the same discrimination as that given to any other part of the ensemble. Some there are—not many I think—who do not care for perfume, and who dispense with it altogether. They, at least, make no mistakes. Others, who feel—as I do—that it is the intangible something that gives “plus” to personality, must bring imagination to bear on the subject.

Consider the *Occasion*. You would not wear a tiara in the daytime or golf shoes in the evening. The same thing applies to scents. There are some that are eminently suited to the jewels and the satins that go with music and candlelight, others that have the brisk refreshment which belongs to the day.

What of the *Place*? You would agree that high heels are out of place in the country. So is a heavy scent. There are lovely woody ones, that are a perfect complement to tweeds and the open air. Lancôme's “Fleches,” described as a bouquet of ferns, plants and woods, etc.,

Perfume and flowers. The young girl wears a French made hand-tucked nylon blouse with nylon lace, £10 19s. 6d.; and holds a bottle of Guerlain's “Atuana” perfume, £10 10s.; both from Selfridges as are the flowers. Her jewellery comes from Debenhams and Freebody

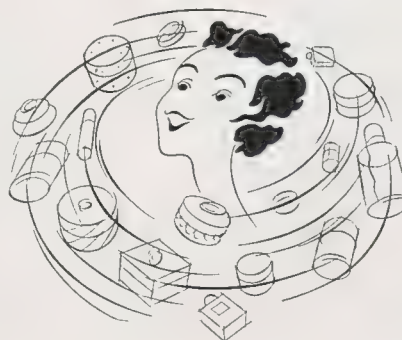
Dennis Sm

Worth's “Prejets,” a dry, sweet perfume for outdoor wear, Weil's “Bambou,” dry and slightly spicy in character, with a woody undertone; a perfume for the country and sports clothes!

DRESS. The smart woman does not mix the casual with the formal. One or the other. So with scent. For the casual, any of the lighter scents are permissible. For the formal, something more subtle, such as Molyneux's “Magnificence,” heavy and spicy, suitable for wear with furs. Picot's “Le Train Bleu,” sophisticated and exotic, Chanel's “Cuir de Russie,” a sophisticated perfume with the distinctive tang of leather, Jean Patou's “Moment Suprême,” a musky and sophisticated perfume.

Be your age. This is most important when it comes to scent. While the older woman can put the finishing touch to elegance with any of the heavy citrus or spicy perfumes, youth must match freshness with a light floral note, or a combination of

notes, such as those in a floral bouquet. Coty's lovely “Muguet des Bois,” Morny's “Pink Lilac,” Yardley's “April Violets,” Bronnley's “Gardenia,” Richard Hudnut's “Three Flowers,” Millot's “Revelry-Joyeuse Nuit,” are a few suggestions. There is a vast variety from which to choose, and any number of experts who are ready in the perfume departments of big stores to advise you.





Peter Clark

“And ye shall walk
in silk attire
and siller ha’e to spare”

FOR this Late Spring Fashion number of The TATLER we have chosen a wonderfully useful pure silk summer suit from the Small Ladies department at Debenham & Freebody. Beautifully tailored but utterly plain this little jacket and full-pleated skirt struck us as being ideal for a London summer. We particularly liked its sober, enormously smart colour scheme of a navy blue ground and dark red spots, and we liked the price, which at 22 gns. is very good value for this type of suit. You can wear it all day and every day this coming summer, with or without a blouse according to the temperature

CHOICE OF
THE WEEK

by
Mariel Deans



ABOVE we show the skirt of the suit worn with Debenham's wonderful sleeveless red sweater from Italy. This sweater, by Mirsa, has its own stole with a ribbed effect. They cost together 8 guineas. On the right is a dramatic looking big felt hat trimmed with a bow of red ribbon, to wear with your suit on a party occasion. From Debenham and Freebody's Model Millinery, the price is 14 guineas. These photographs were taken at Terence Conran's furniture showrooms





Above: Photographed on the garden-like platform of Juan-les-Pins railway station, Fortnum and Mason's cool looking cotton two-piece in sea green and white, with a straight, white lined jacket to match



Left: Pucci's charming striped pure silk two piece in shades of pink has his name written up and down the narrow black stripes. Shirt alone and skirt alone can be wedded to very different outfits. Obtainable from Harrods' beachwear department



Hollander

On the beach at Juan-les-Pins we photographed a basic play-suit—
part three of the Horrockses cotton three-piece described overleaf

*Dresses and beach-wear
for summer days that spell*

*ON these pages (writes Mariel Deans) we show
photographs from the South of France of the sort
of clothes women dream of wearing against a back-
ground of long idle days filled with sunshine, red
wine and no domestic responsibilities whatsoever*

[Continued overleaf]

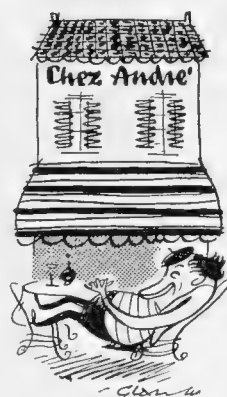
An unforgettable holiday in Provence



This cyclamen pink poplin three-piece by Horrockses consists of a play-suit, a shirt blouse and a pleated skirt with a striped handkerchief thrown in. From Harrods



Julian Rose make this sleeveless beige silk resort dress embroidered with shaded pink carnations. From Woollands of Knightsbridge



Continuing—
Provençal holiday

Dresses for



Linzi's full-skirted cotton dress and bolero in a red, grey and white print circled with bands of scarlet. The little bolero turns a sundress into something more suitable to go driving in. From Peter Robinson

the town and for the plage

*Simple frocks for
shopping or a
drive in a fiacre*



Continuing—

Provencal holiday

A beachcomber's morning

Dorville's amusing hooded jersey is made in a striped black and white knitted cotton. Their cotton velvet shorts come in a number of gay colours. The straw and bamboo bucket is theirs, too. All of them come from Woollands of Knightsbridge





Peter Clark

from the Model Millinery at

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

LANgham 4444



*Continuing—
Provençal holiday*

The beach at Juan-les-Pins

Here we have gay brown and white printed cotton jeans which have a real South Seas flavour and a well-cut tucked white cotton shirt from Harvey Nichols' resort wear collection





Svelte . . .

... a duo that takes you everywhere — underneath there's a sleeveless Terylene dress, the kind you fall in love with and wear day after day and wash when you choose. On top — the boyish flannel blazer — lined with heavy poul. Straight and short. Dress is in blonde, sugar pink, summer white. Hips 36-40. **16 gns.** Blazer is in navy. **11 gns.**



BY *Susan Small* EXCLUSIVE IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE TO **Chanelle**



"Maestro here I come." Dish from a set of seven, with six small plates, £2 19s. 6d.

There's music in the air

SPRING madness. A feeling that overtakes us all in the merry month of May. A month of flowers and sunshine (we hope). Let's celebrate with music and give zest to the party supper with Woollands' new, unusual "musical china"

— JEAN CLELAND



"Molto allegro" says the leader of the band. Another intriguing plate. Price 11s. 6d.



"Music makes the heart grow fonder" as can be seen from this plate, also 11s. 6d.



Violin *hors d'œuvres* dish strikes a highly original note. It costs £1 19s. 6d.

Dennis Smith

Streamlined cookery



Kittens on the key again. Two small pieces from a set with larger dish. £2 19s. 6d.



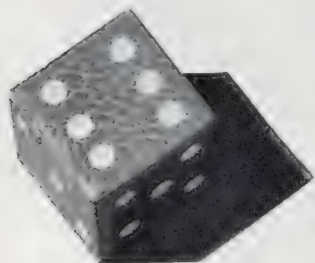
Above: The new Phoenix cool-lift oven glass has a special lid that can be removed barehanded only two minutes after the dish is taken from the oven. Prices from 6s. 3d. according to size (the one above, 9s. 9d.). From most leading stores

Right: With the "Brownie" waffles can be made within a matter of minutes whether it be breakfast waffles or appetizing supper dishes. Price £4 7s. 6d. from Harrods, Fortnum and Mason, Selfridges and other leading stores everywhere



Wanted on Voyage

Some articles that double their usefulness when you travel



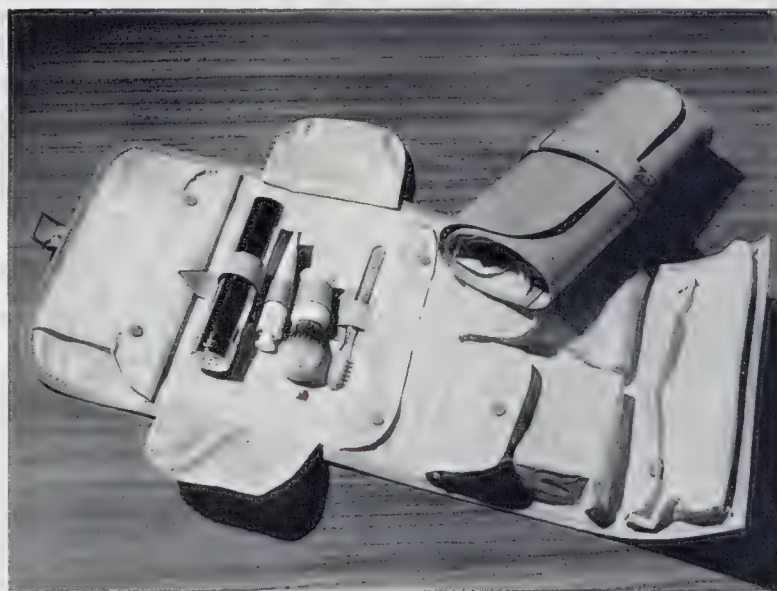
A compact dice box, containing three ordinary dice and three poker dice, for whiling away the odd half-hour. Simpson of Piccadilly 18s. 6d.



This man's toilet case, in tan leather, is light in weight and very suitable for air travel. From Debenham & Freebody. Price £9 18s. 6d.



Left: Pigskin case with pull-off lid holding four beakers. Very neat and compact, it can be had from Debenham & Freebody's Travel Department at £2 18s. 6d.



Right: A roll-up wet pack in pigskin, quick to fold up and ideal for the hurried traveller. Fortnum & Mason £5 11s. 6d. and £6 15s. according to size



Left: The latest design of hide document case, with pull-out handles and outside flap pocket. Debenham & Freebody Travel Dept., £11 10s.



Man's linen neckerchief, in hand block printed designs. 27s. 6d. from Debenham & Freebody

★ TAKE THE
CASE OF . . .



. . . the
VISCOUNT
Range
by
NOTON



It is possible these days to compass the world in a few days—and comfortable, too, when you go by modern air-liner.

As your mode of transport has improved so has your luggage—while the strength has been maintained it has been getting lighter and lighter in weight and more and more colourful. The NOTON Viscount Range is a perfect case in point. The suitcase shown here weighs about 5½ lbs. yet we would stake our reputation on it being strong enough to withstand a round-the-world trip by ox-cart!

The Viscount Range is covered in pure Irish linen (P.V.C. coated) and is available individually or in matching sets of Suitcases, Dress case, All-purpose case and Vanity case.

The Suitcase illustrated is about £5.1.6 inc. P. Tax.

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Miss Angela Stephenson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stephenson, of The Old Vicarage, Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxon, is engaged to Mr. P. Gibbs, son of Mr. G. Gibbs, of Sawbridge-worth, and Mrs. G. Gamble, of Rickmansworth

Swaebe



Vandyk

Miss Pauline Elizabeth Roach, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roach, of Baildon House, Baildon, Yorkshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. David Ford Tate, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Tate, of Claremont, Bingley, Yorkshire



Fayer

Miss Mary Elizabeth Carlton Aykroyd, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Aykroyd, of Kirkby Overblow, Harrogate, Yorks, is to marry Mr. Nigel D. S. Porter, the Scots Guards, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. D. S. Porter, of Allerston, Yorks

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Miss Philippa Gordon-Cumming, the younger daughter of the late Sir Alexander Gordon-Cumming, and of Elizabeth Lady Gordon-Cumming, of Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1, is to marry Mr. David Archibald Innes, second son of the late Lt.-Col. J. A. Innes, D.S.O., and of Mrs. E. Joly de Lotbinière, of Harringer Manor, Bury St. Edmunds

Miss Shirley Maxwell Dodds, daughter of the late Mr. Allan Dodds and Mrs. Dodds, of Foxbury Cottage, Lesbury, Alnwick, Northumberland, who is engaged to Capt. John Christopher Malcolm Baynes, the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), only son of Lt.-Col. R. M. S. Baynes and the late Mrs. Baynes, of Hill House, Swainswick, Bath



Harlip



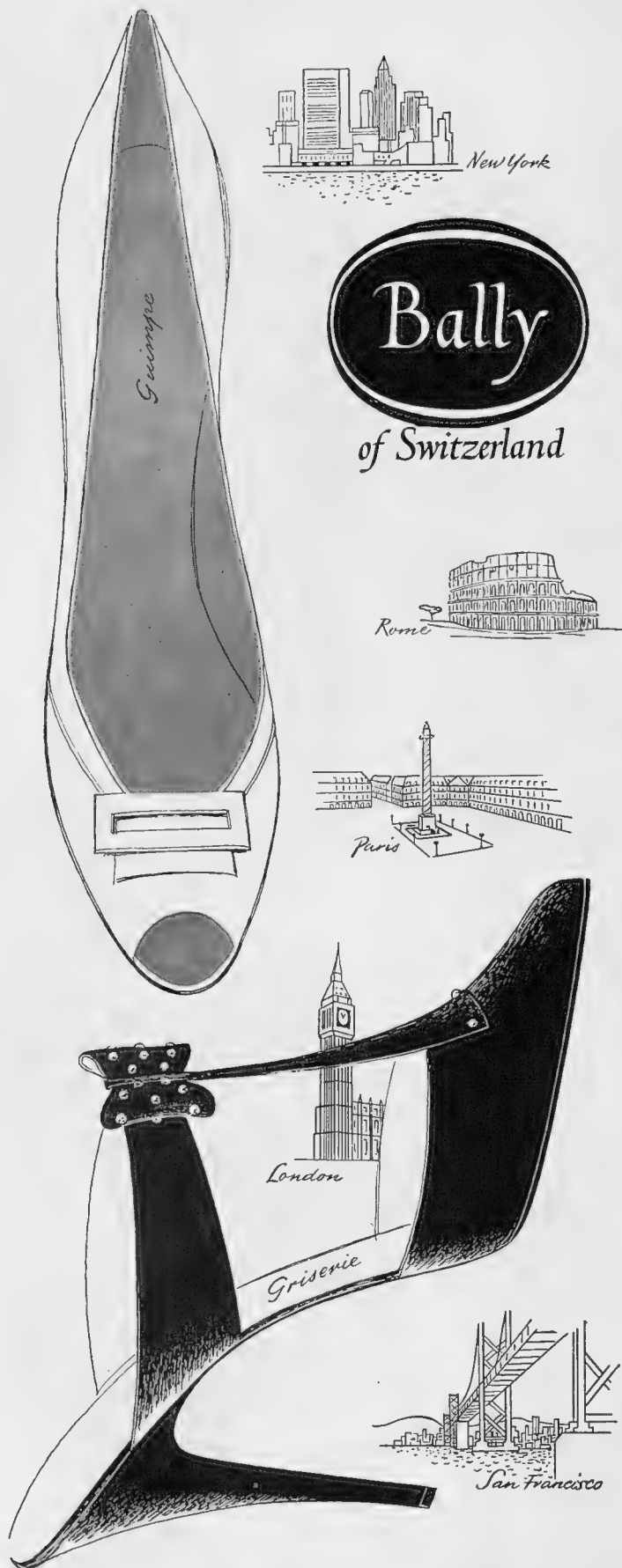
Vandyk



Bassano

Miss Anne Mary Butler Wilson, twin daughter of Mr. D. Butler Wilson, M.C., and Mrs. Butler Wilson, of Burlington Lodge, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, is engaged to Mr. Terence Stuart Mallinson, son of Col. Sir Stuart Mallinson, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Mallinson, of The White House, Woodford Green, Essex

An ideal wedding present, which is very much appreciated—and a constant reminder of the giver—is a subscription to The TATLER. Annual subscription £5 16s. 6d. (overseas £5 18s. 6d.), six months £3 (overseas £3 1s. 3d.). Both inclusive of Christmas number. A card from the donor will be included if requested. Send your cheque to the Publisher, Dept. ED/C, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2.



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Waldron—Taylour. Mr. Victor Waldron, of Winkfield, Berkshire, married Lady Olivia Taylour, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, of Headfort, Kells, Co. Meath, Eire, at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bridegroom is Financial Adviser to the Conservative Party

THEY WERE MARRIED



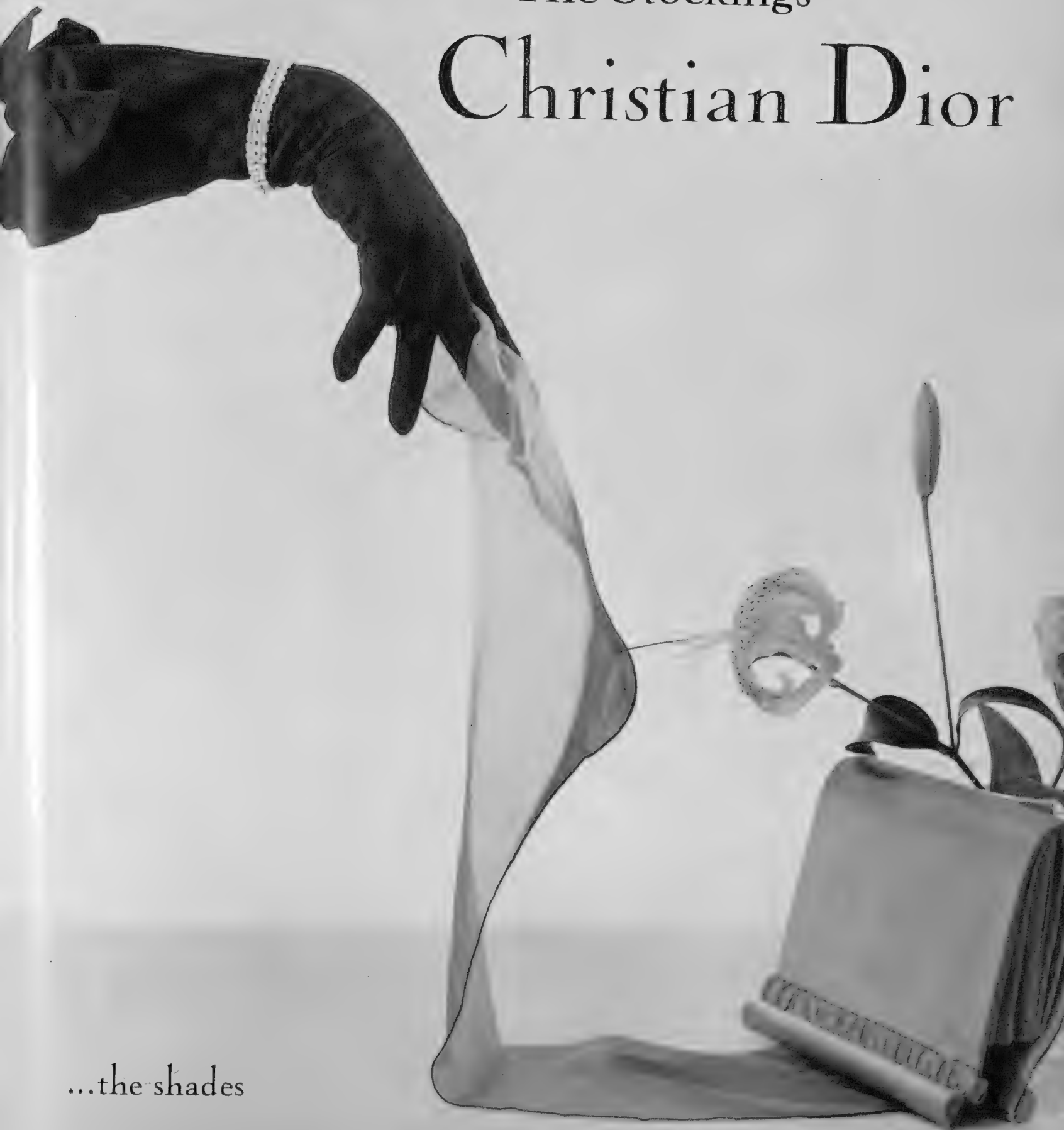
Cornell—Manning. At St. Paul's Church, Herne Hill, Mr. Robert Cornell, elder son of the late Mr. R. Cornell and of Mrs. E. M. Cornell, of Crescent Wood Road, S.E.26, married Miss Mollie Manning, only daughter of the late Mr. J. H. W. Manning and of Mrs. G. E. T. Manning, of Gilkes Crescent, Dulwich, S.E.

Willson—Pickering. The wedding took place at Sparham Church, Norfolk, of Lt. B. Willson, R.N., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Willson, of Epsom, Surrey, and 2/Officer A. M. Pickering, W.R.N.S., only child of the late Mr. A. H. Garland and of Mrs. R. O. Pickering, and stepdaughter of Mr. R. O. Pickering, of Hope House, Hindolveston, Norfolk



More wedding photos
on page 308

The Stockings Christian Dior

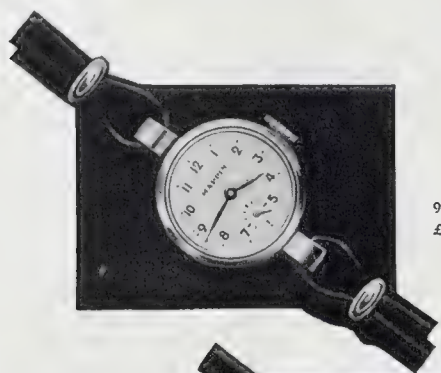


...the shades

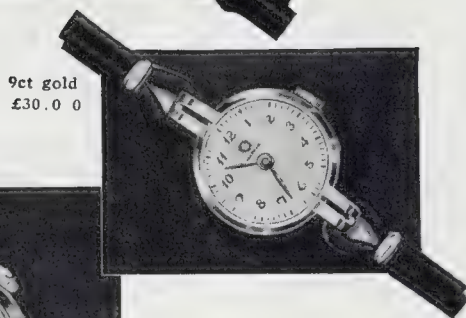
...the point of the heel



*A reliable watch
is a good friend*



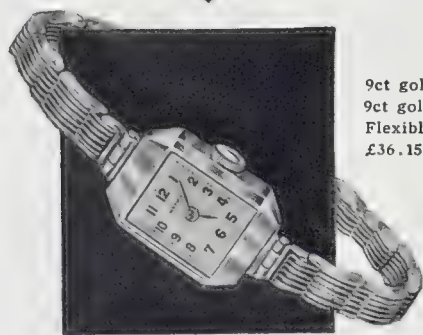
9ct gold
£24.0.0



9ct gold
£30.0.0



Steel case
water-resistant
£12.17.6



9ct gold on
9ct gold
Flexible Bracelet
£36.15.0

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PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY



Seitz—Keeling. Herr Herbert Seitz, of Lohr-am-Main, Bavaria, was recently married at St. James's, Spanish Place, W.1., to Miss Caroline Keeling, the only daughter of Sir John and Lady Keeling, of Hurst House, Sedlescombe, Surrey



THEY WERE MARRIED

(Continuing from page 306)



Stead—Armitage. At the Royal Military Memorial Chapel, Sandhurst, Capt. Alfred John Stead, the King's Own Royal Regiment, elder son of Col. A. E. Stead, M.C., and Mrs. Stead, of Ovingdean, South Drive, Wokingham, Berks, married Miss Elizabeth Armitage, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Col. and Mrs. R. M. Armitage, of Westwood, Camberley, Surrey

Peniston—Seager. Mr. Malcolm Peniston, son of Mrs. M. N. Peniston, of Chesham Bois, Bucks, and the late Mr. J. E. Peniston, married Miss Zoë Leighton Seager, younger daughter of Sir Leighton Seager, Bt., C.B.E., and Lady Leighton Seager, J.P., of St. Mellons, Mon, at St. Mary's Church, Marshfield, Mon



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(Open to all senior associations from all over the world).

Sept. 3 to 6, "Les Coupes d'Or du New Golf."

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40 meetings (150 million francs in prizes).

August 21, Prix Morny and Grand Handicap de la Manche

August 28, Grand Prix de Deauville.

SALE OF YEARLINGS (in August) at "Cheri-Tattersall"

20 International POLO Matches

August 21 "THE GOLD CUPS" (World Open
Championship) (20 Goal teams)

AUGUST: GRAND BALLET OF THE MARQUIS DE CUEVAS

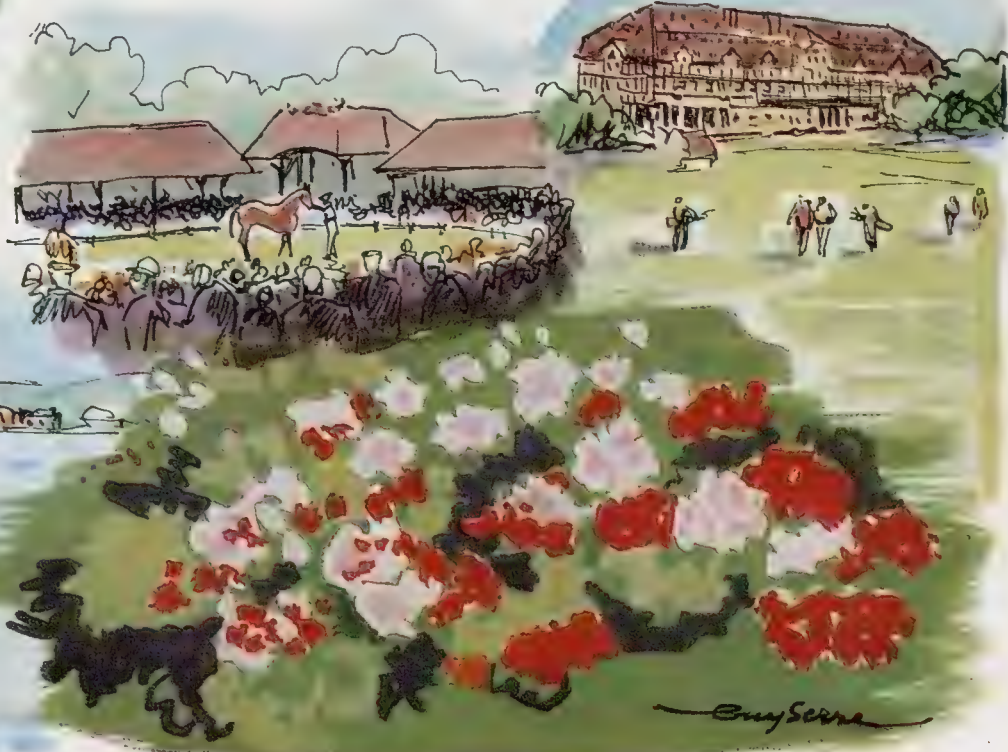
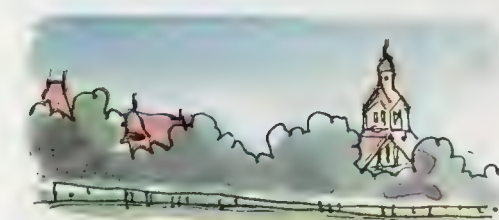
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DAILY TELEGRAPH 16.8.54

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NASH METROPOLITAN CARS, built by Austin, have earned many millions of dollars for Britain. Their specification is that of the ideal American small car, and they are not obtainable in Britain. A number are seen being loaded at London Docks for shipment to the U.S.

Motoring

by

Oliver Stewart



Silverstone's appeal

THERE was an early expectation that the newspaper strike in London would adversely affect attendance at Silverstone this weekend. For in the ordinary way the *Daily Express* devotes a great deal of space to the meeting well in advance and progressively works up the interest. Whether a more concentrated publicity effort during a few days will have the same result remains to be seen. Personally I think that weather prospects are the things that will count most, and that the lack of early publicity will not seriously damage the attendance probabilities.

Silverstone has served us well in these postwar years. It is a full scale circuit, giving the cars a chance to develop their top speed capabilities and also offering a reasonable variety of curves and corners.

UNLIKE Goodwood, however, and even more unlike Brooklands as it used to be, the surrounding scenery is bleak and uninviting. Hence the fact that every big international meeting there has been well attended is proof of the strong demand for road racing in this country.

As things have turned out, the meeting on Saturday (May 7) should provide the first opportunity for weighing the potentialities of certain important new cars. Some of these instruments failed to appear for the Goodwood overture. They are the outcome of work by those few men in this country who really know

and understand the racing business, and it has always been my contention that this knowledge and understanding mean more than money. The Italians have shown that massive financial support is not an essential for successful Grand Prix racing. A modicum of money; but vast quantities of knowledge and experience: these are the basic ingredients.

AUSTIN recorded a deserved triumph when they revealed that Nash had placed a further twenty million dollar order. It is for the Nash Metropolitan which is made up of A.30 and A.40 mechanical components and is powered by the 1,200 c.c. A.40 engine. It is a two-door model, with bench-type front seat and a rear cushion where children can be carried. There is a large boot for luggage.

The cars are built at Longbridge and are, of course, exclusively for shipment to America where they have already earned for Britain over fourteen million dollars. I believe that the original Metropolitan design was the outcome of a survey made in America by the Nash Kelvinator Corporation to discover the kind of small car that might have the largest appeal.

THE undoubted value of the summary of changes in motoring law just issued by the Royal Automobile Club was a little tarnished by the first item; which reminded us that the maximum length of four-wheeled vehicles had been increased from 27 ft. 6 in. to 30 ft. It is a curious new regulation, for it is sufficiently obvious that the existing road system

of this country is scarcely able to cope with vehicles going up to the earlier maximum permissible size. Logic, reason, common sense and all the other things which are so sadly lacking in our motor vehicle regulations would have dictated that carriageway capacity should have been increased before the permissible sizes of vehicles. But no; we are to allow congestion to be made worse before road work begins to become effective.

Other items in the R.A.C.'s summary mention that driving mirrors are now compulsory for three-wheelers but not for motor cycles and motor cycle combinations; that front and rear flashing indicators as well as those of the semaphore or side flashing type may now be fitted to the same vehicle, and that a pillion passenger may only be carried on a motor cycle which is equipped with "suitable footrests for the passenger."

RENAULT's London office wrote a few weeks ago to tell me that Mr. Pierre Dreyfus has been appointed chairman and managing director of the Régie Nationale des Usines Renault. He was previously chairman of the Lorraine district national coal board and he has been a director and vice-chairman of Renault since 1948.

The other day, as a sequel to rumours in certain French papers, I inquired at the Renault works in this country—on Western Avenue—whether certain schemes were afoot for an extension of Renault interests to bring in another French company; but I was told that no plans of that kind were in being at the moment. The small Renault car continues to earn good opinions over here and to create a parallel to the reputation it has in France as being one of the sturdiest and most generally useful of motor cars. In these days and on our roads there is much to be said in favour of small size.

DISC brakes are continuing their way towards standard motor cars. A much larger number of competition cars will be using them this year than last, and as production goes up so the price of sets of brakes goes down, with the result that it is less astronomical than it was and already almost within the reach of the more expensive standard models. In fact I am told that one standard car will be offered to the public with disc brakes by the time of this year's Motor Show.

The other technical advance which is worth watching is direct injection. Mercedes are showing how good it can be in their sports cars and another German maker is shortly to standardize it. It offers many advantages and is almost sure to make headway. After all, we saw the reciprocating aero-engine start with conventional type carburettors and then go over to injection.



The half-millionth Vauxhall to be exported since the war, a red and white Cresta saloon, was here being handed over in London by Mr. C. G. Tipper, Vauxhall's export manager, to Mr. R. A. R. Paton, who is vice-chairman of their distributors in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia



One wouldn't venture on a country walk, or go to business, wearing an exotic perfume any more than descend to breakfast wearing a tiara . . .

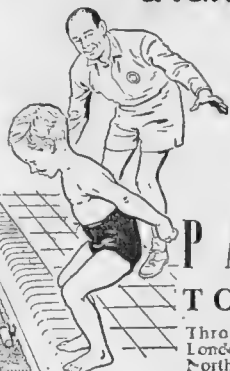
There is a time and place for all things, and day is the right time for the brisk freshness of a Parfum Cologne.

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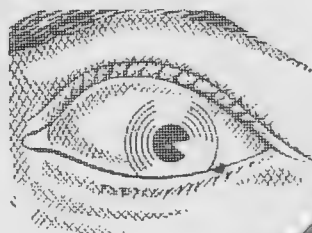
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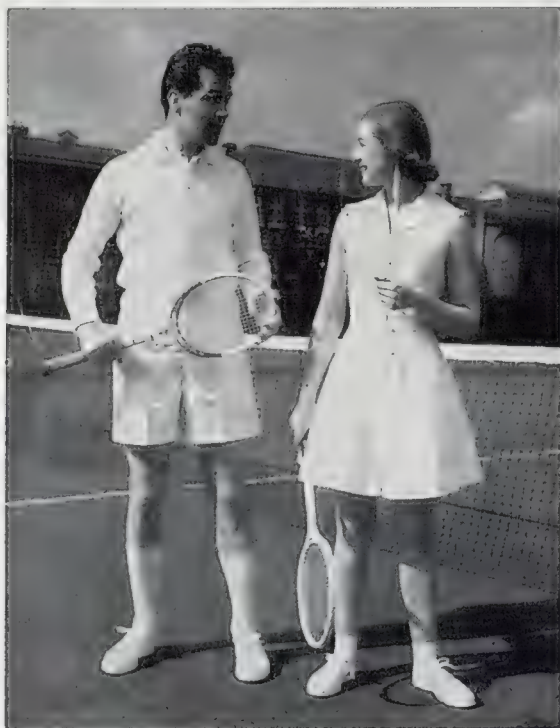
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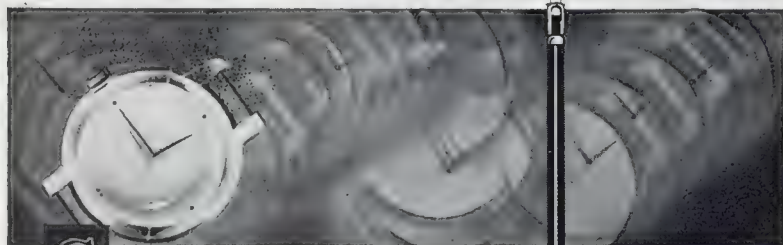
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Book Reviews [Continuing from page 287]

Stirring days with the Secret Service

IN MOONRAKER (Cape, 10s. 6d.) we have small space for analysis of feeling: danger is outright and *ad lib*. This is the third of the thrillers of Ian Fleming—*Casino Royale* and *Live And Let Die* being its predecessors. Meet again James Bond of the Secret Service, man-about-town player with life and death. This time, he is confronted by Sir Hugo Drax, national hero with the war-damaged face, against whom nothing is to be said but for one rumour: he cheats at cards.

Bond wins the first round, the bridge duel at Blades—a club which is naturally so exclusive that Sir Hugo's exposure is hushed up. Under the circumstances, Bond's assignment to Kent, where Sir Hugo is nursing the secret weapon he has lately donated to the nation, could indeed be tricky. And so it proves.

The super atomic rocket, of a range that would cover nearly every capital in Europe, is cradled on a cliff-top between Deal and Dover. (An unnerving neighbour, one would have thought, for those who quietly visit St. Margaret's Bay.) The world awaits its trial firing off—which is, ostensibly, to be harmless. The horror of Sir Hugo's *real* intention is discovered by the intelligent though voluptuous Gala Brand, who, not for nothing a member of the Special Branch, is nominally the maniac's secretary. More it would be unpardonable in a reviewer to disclose.

What is gone through by the Bond-Brand partnership really beats anything in any thriller I have read lately. As a let-up, we are allowed intermissions in which good food, good manners, good clothes play their soothing part. . . . I could not more highly recommend *Moonraker*.

★ ★ ★

GERALD BULLETT, novelist and critic, is no less a poet: his new collection, *WINDOWS ON A VANISHED TIME* (Michael Joseph, 6s.), is to be welcomed. "It chanced," says Mr. Bullett, speaking of the summer in which he wrote, "that I was visited, almost every day, by some significant moment of the past that had long lain dormant." And these indeed are moments of childhood, whose acute pureness is to be recognized by most of us, though few of us could put them into words. "Paradise Recalled" (a small boy's arrival, in late evening, at a beloved house in the country), "Early Sorrow," "The Dark House" and "The Pond" are high points, I find, in the crystal poignancy. And there's "A Visit To Grandmother," with its last verse:

I did not know, I could not guess,
While Grandmother, unsmiling, mute,
Plucked at the crumples of her dress
And waited for my meek salute,
That in that aged hulk so dry
There lived a child as young as I.



A HANS ANDERSEN EXHIBITION was held recently at the headquarters of the National Book League in Albemarle Street. Above: Mr. J. E. Morpurgo, a director of the N.B.L., showing Prince Georg and Princess Anne of Denmark some of the original MSS. The Exhibition was presented in co-operation with the Royal Library of Copenhagen



One of the world's leading couturiers, Mr. DIGBY MORTON possesses in full measure that quality known as 'flair'. As a practised host this flair is no less in evidence in creating for his guests original entertainment, coupled with carefully considered food and drink. Mr. Morton invariably finds that SMIRNOFF VODKA, either neat or as a basis for a long and cooling drink, greatly contributes to the pleasure of both host and guests.

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Appreciation

This reproduction is from an original Watercolour by S. Agnew Mercer, F.R.S.A., whose work adorns the walls of Famous Buildings in Great Britain, and the sketch is one of a series of twelve.



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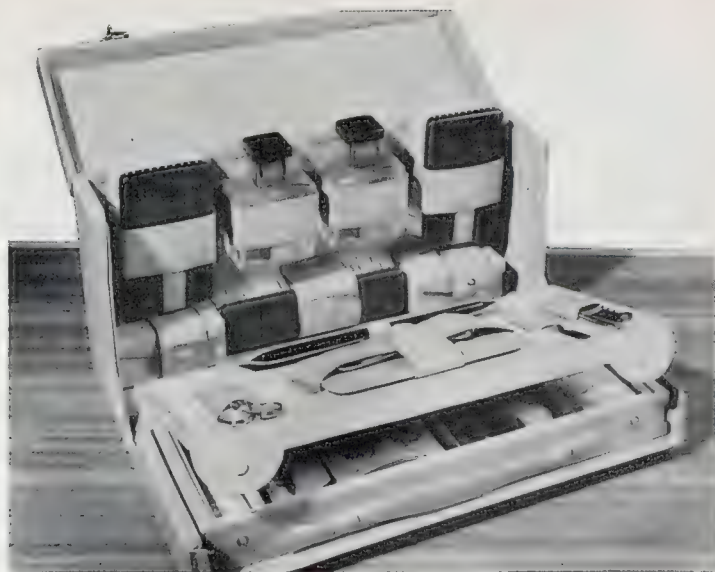
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Bolton Abbey, the ruin of this famous priory, superb in a lovely setting of woods and meadowlands, graced by the River Wharfe, is an indication of the appreciation which the founder had for the magnificence of the setting epitomising the beauty of the Yorkshire Dales.

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To the clubman's mind

GIFTS for men. The "what to give them" difficulty resolved after a walk round the shops, which present countless ideas. Here are examples of the merchandise that makes masculine elegance



After-dinner elegance comes with this silver-plated brandy warmer. Price £6 2s. 6d. from Asprey, New Bond Street

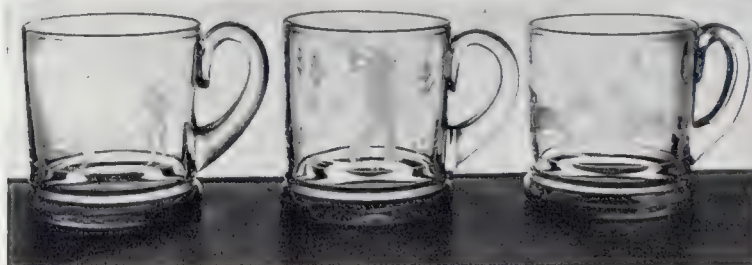
Below: Pigskin travelling cocktail set with plated cocktail shaker and three bottles. Fortnum & Mason £28 12s. 6d.



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Below: For the sports enthusiast these Brierley crystal tankards, engraved with six different sporting scenes—cricket, tennis, football, rugby, golf and racing. They are £2 11s. 6d. each from Fortnum & Mason



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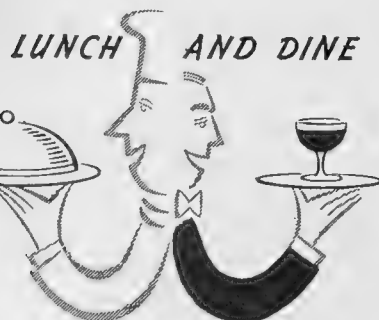
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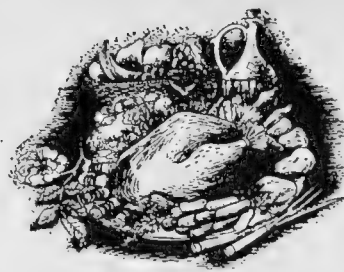
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For Parker House Rolls, those little purse-shaped dinner breads, start by creaming together $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. baker's yeast and 1 oz. sugar. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint scalded milk, cooled to lukewarm, then 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and 8 oz. plain flour. Beat until very well mixed. Stand in a warm place and leave to rise to double the original bulk. Beat in 1 teaspoon salt and work in another 8 oz. plain flour or enough to make the dough easy to handle. (It should be soft.) Knead very well.

Roll out to about a third of an inch thick. Leave for a few minutes for the dough to relax, then stamp into $2\frac{1}{2}$ - to 3-in. rounds. Place these on baking-sheets. Mark each almost through with the back of a knife. Brush with melted butter and fold in two. Again, brush with melted butter, leave to double in size, then bake for 10 minutes or so in a hot oven (425 to 450 deg. F. or gas mark 6 to 7).

CLOVER-LEAF Rolls: Pinch off small walnut-sized pieces of the first risen dough. Roll them in the palms of the hands and place groups of three each, in clover-leaf form, in small patty tins. Brush with melted butter, leave to double in bulk, then bake as above.

Braided Rolls: When the dough has risen for the first time, take pieces of it weighing an ounce or so each. Roll them under the palms of the hands on a board, shaping them so that they are slightly pointed at each end. Place one piece over another to form a cross, then plait them together, damping the ends so that they hold. Repeat. Place on baking-sheets, brush with melted butter, leave to double in size, then bake as above.

Chelsea Buns: Follow the same method, but use the following ingredients, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. baker's yeast, 3 oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint lukewarm milk, 2 beaten eggs, 4 oz. melted butter and approximately 1 lb. plain flour and a pinch of salt.

After the first rising, roll out the dough into a long strip, about a third of an inch thick, keeping the edges and ends as straight as possible. Brush all over with melted lard and sprinkle with 4 oz. cleaned currants. Roll up and cut in slices about 1 in. thick. Place closely together in a well-greased tin and leave to rise to double the bulk. Sprinkle with 1 oz. caster sugar and bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

If you want the top a little more sticky, remove when baked, brush with a syrup made with 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 of water, then return to the oven for a minute.

THAT Chelsea Bun mixture makes a lovely Swedish Coffee Ring. Follow the recipe, rolling out the risen dough into a strip about a third of an inch thick and 4 in. wide. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with 1 oz. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cinnamon, 3 oz. currants and 1 oz. roughly chopped walnuts. Roll up and form into a ring on a baking-sheet.

With a pair of scissors, cut about three-quarters through from the outer rim, at intervals of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Turn each slice over to expose the filling, leave to rise to double the bulk and bake as for Chelsea Buns.

—Helen Burke



"THE HAPPY HOME," a universal guide to household management compiled by the experts of Good Housekeeping Institute, deals with the subject from the human aspect. Top of page: One of the charming line drawings by Moira Leatham which decoratively conclude each chapter. Above: A dinner table with a bowl of fruit as a colourful centrepiece from the chapter on "The Perfect Hostess"

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EMILE CHARLES CALDER, who has been restaurant manager at the Dorchester for ten years, was born in London, his father having been *maitre d'hôtel* at the old Pall Mall Restaurant. He served in the army throughout World War One and was for twenty years at the Savoy, with Ciocca and Santarelli

DINING OUT

A tattle of tasters

TALKING of the gathering together of people whose hobby is the pleasures of the palate, the Wine Lovers Society, whose headquarters are in Birmingham, have just held a very successful wine weekend at the Wentworth Hotel, Aldeburgh, in Suffolk.

I am aware that the wine trade regard this society with possible disfavour, due to the fact that one of its particular activities is to encourage people to import their own wine and bottle it themselves.

I would refer the Barons of the Barrel to Mr. Aesop; the lion made friends with the mouse and no harm came to either. I do not think there will ever be sufficient people struggling with their own barrels and casks, bottles, corks, correspondence and carriage, cleaning, washing and drying, for this state of affairs ever to become a menace to the mighty shippers. The inclination of one's friends while assisting in the bottling being to consume as much as they put in the bottles, while there is also the not inconsiderable risk that a particular cask of wine may not be as good as it should be.

ANYWAY, everybody had a lot of fun. There was a tasting of red wines that were matched with different kinds of cheese, which seems to be the prevailing fashion; a tasting of a variety of sparkling wines; and finally a visit to the house of a fanatical collector of all sorts of every kind of wine, Dr. Ryder Richardson at Saxmundham, who invited everybody to a tasting of ten different wines from ten different countries, and different indeed they were: Rendes Furmint from Hungary; Minedelo, Portugal; Lutomer Riesling, Yugoslavia; Barolo Mirafiore, Italy; Tekirdag, Turkey; Commanderia, Cyprus; Still Moselle, Luxembourg; Alella, Spain; Steinberger Hock, Germany; Veldt Burgundy, South Africa.

No prizes are offered but possibly in time somebody will invent a name for these gatherings. After all, we have "a pride of lions," "a covey of partridges," "a nye of pheasants," and it looks to me as if we shall soon finish up with a "whinny of winers" or "a tattle of tasters."

The Wentworth Hotel, incidentally, is a good hotel, run by enthusiasts, with a courteous staff, an excellent cellar, and a very competent chef.

ONE society which should find considerable favour with the vintners is "The Friends of Wine" with H.Q. in the City. In these days when a lot of people are doing very nicely out of promoting methods of reducing your weight by means which are mostly distasteful and certainly a bore, it is a delight to receive a card adjuring you to "CHECK OBESITY WITH THE FOLLOWING WINES." It then goes on to tell you which wines to drink with the sort of foods the slimming experts recommend. As the wines included a Fino Sherry, Sylvaner, Hock, Moselle, Graves (dry), Claret (light), Chablis, Mâcon

[Continued on page 322]

 Sole Palace <i>Steamed, sliced mushrooms, fines herbes, tomato, asparagus and white wine sauce.</i> to be found at it's best in London at Wheeler's 19 Old Compton St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 2706	 Caneton à l'Orange <i>Duck half roasted, half braised (Poêlé). Port wine sauce. Shredded orange peel and slices of orange.</i> se trouve le mieux à Londres au Restaurant The Ivy 1 West Street, W.C.2. Tel. TEMple Bar 4751
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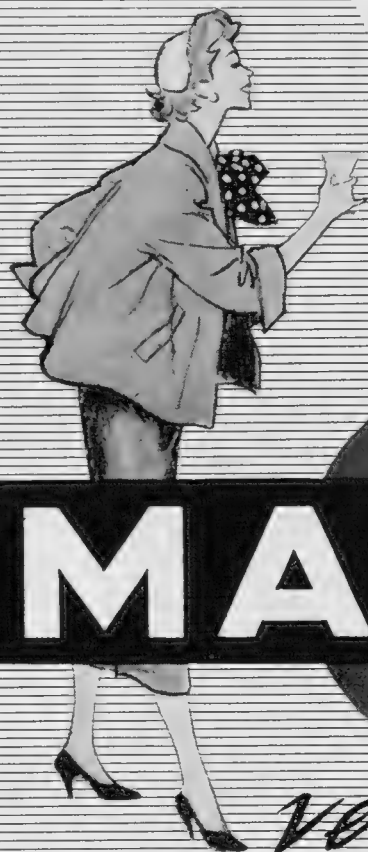
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DINING OUT (Continuing from page 320)

A tattle of tasters

(white) and Port (very dry tawny), it appears that when the day comes and we have to lose a stone or two, it need be no hardship.

Another organization is the Earnest Drinkers Club, a gay, keen collection of enthusiasts, whose headquarters are at The Gore in Kensington. They have a meeting once a month to taste different wines or a dinner based on one particular wine, such as Bordeaux, Burgundy or Alsace, and at each meal they have an authority on the subject to talk about the particular wine being consumed.

There is also the City Fellowship of Wine which holds tastings, film shows and wine quizzes in Lime Street or in the Wine Trade Club, and for good measure you have Tommy Layton's "Circle of Wine Tasters" who hold their functions in such places as a barge on the Regent's Park Canal, or in the cellars of City wine merchants.

THESE societies may fairly be considered the offspring of the Wine and Food Society, which has grown to world-wide proportions.

It was a bold venture of André Simon, its founder, to start this affair in 1932, when the trade and financial depression reached its nadir, and great gloom settled on the West End. For a considerable time champagne corks were no longer heard popping incessantly in the smart places.

His intention was to band together people who believed it was folly to give up the amenities of a gracious way of living in a fit of panic. The Society's motto is: "Not much, but enough, and the best," and it claimed that whether one could afford to have the best or not mattered little so long as one retained the desire to have the best whenever possible.

The success of this Society has been phenomenal as there are now branches throughout the English speaking world and one in Denmark.

André flew to New York last week to attend the Coming of Age Dinner of the New York Wine and Food Society which he started there twenty-one years ago, the year after the dismal experiment of prohibition had come to an end.



Lou de Wynter

LOUIS OF QUAGLINO'S, here with actor Dermot Walsh and actress Harriette Johns, has been in the restaurant business since he was fourteen. He first came to Quaglino's in 1937, stayed till 1941, then spent nine years at Ciro's. Five years ago he returned to Quaglino's where he has been ever since

WITH all these organizations for wining and dining well, it is a good thing that there are plenty of establishments available especially in London where their members can indulge their fancy, and here is one for them to add to the list.

If you want to be in on the ground floor of something quite new, it is worth making an expedition to Number 5 St. James's, where yesterday Overton's opened a very smart "gentlemen's eating house." What is important is that for the position, the décor, the comfort and the quality the prices are extremely reasonable.

—I. Bickerstaff

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N.E. ENGLAND

	Phone.
BRADFORD (Yorks)	28381 A
WEDGWOOD HOTEL	
BRIDLINGTON (Yorks)	
*Alexandra Hotel	2254 B
*The Expanse Hotel	3872 B
*The Victoria Hotel	4589 B
CORNHILL-ON-TWEED (Northumb)	
The Collingwood Arms	Coldstream 24 C
*Tillmouth Park Hotel	Coldstream 25 C
DURHAM (Co. Durham)	
Royal County Hotel	136 C
FILEY (Yorks)	
The Ebor	3126 A
HARROGATE (Yorks)	
*Old Swan Hotel	4051 C
*Prince of Wales Hotel	6675 C
*Russell Hotel	3134 C
*Hotel St. George	4046 C
HULL (Yorks)	
*White House Hotel	16090 C
LEKLEY (Yorks)	
*Craiglands Hotel	308 B
*Troutbeck Hotel	1041 C
LEEDS (Yorks)	
*Mount Hotel	26787 B
LIPON (Yorks)	
*Spa Hotel	48 B
LOTHBURY (Northumberland)	
*County Hotel	235 A
CARBOROUGH (Yorks)	
*Grand Hotel	1053 C
*Palm Court Hotel	2239 A
*Pavilion Hotel	1040 C
*Royal Hotel	1046 B
EATON CAREW (Co. Durham)	
The Staincliffe Hotel	236 C
ORK (Yorks)	
*Chase Hotel	6502 C
Royal Station Hotel	53681 C

LAKE DISTRICT & N.W. ENG.

MBLESIDE (Lake District)	
Langdale Estate	Langdale 255 A
PLEBLY (Westmorland)	
King's Head	98 A
IMATHWAITE (Cumberland)	
Red Lion Hotel	4 A
ACKPOOL (Lancs)	
Bourne Hotel	42930 A
New Cumberland	51751 B
Savoy Hotel	52561 B
York House Hotel North Shore	51465 A
BRROWDALE (Lake District)	
The Swiss Hotel, Lodore	227 B
ISTLETOWN (Isle of Man)	
Castletown Golf Links Hotel	2201 B
LESTER (Cheshire)	
The Blossoms	23186 C
Grosvenor Hotel	24024 C
DUGLAS (Isle of Man)	
Empress Hotel	Douglasman 1935 C
ASMERIE (Lake District)	
The Swan Hotel	23 C
ENDAL (Lake District)	
County Hotel	177 B
KESWICK (Lake District)	*Armathwaite
Hall Hotel	Bossethwaite Lake 220 B
*Queen's Hotel	54 B
*Royal Oak Hotel	23 B
Skiddaw Hotel	71 A
LIVERPOOL (Lancs)	
*Lord Nelson Hotel	Royal 4362 C
*Stork Hotel	Royal 1231 C
MORECAMBE (Lancs)	
*Grand Hotel	1364 B
*Grosvenor Hotel	2606 B
NEWBY BRIDGE (Lake District)	
Lakeside Hotel	243 C
Swan Hotel	359 B
SILVERDALE (Lancs)	
The Silverdale Hotel	206 A
SOUTHPORT (Lancs)	
*Scaribrick Hotel	4172 B
WINDERMERE (Lake District)	
Windermere Hotel	6 B

NORTHERN IRELAND Phone

BELFAST	*Grand Central	21001 C
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MIDLAND COUNTIES

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH (Leics)	
*Royal Hotel	331 B
BARNBY MOOR (Notts)	
*Ye Olde Bell Hotel	Ranskill 216 B
BIRMINGHAM (Warwick)	
*Grosvenor House	Edgbaston 4124 C
*Norfolk Hotel	Edgbaston 0870 A
Plough & Harrow	Edgbaston 1131 B
BROADWAY (Worcs)	
Farncombe House Hotel	2215 B
BUXTON (Derby)	
*Grove Hotel	7 A
*Palace Hotel	2000 B
COVENTRY (Warwick)	
*Brandon Hall Hotel	Walston 203 A
DROITWICH SPA (Worcs)	
*Chateau Impney	2361 B
LEOMINSTER (Herefordshire)	
Talbot Hotel	2012 A
MALVERN (Worcs)	
Gold Hill Hotel	1803 A
Mount Pleasant Hotel	1837 C
*The Park Hotel	206 C
MATLOCK (Derby)	
*Smedley's Hydro	17 B
NOTTINGHAM (Notts)	
*George Hotel	45641 C
ROSS-ON-WYE (Hereford)	
*Pengethley Hotel	Peterstow 52 B
RUGBY (Warwick)	
*Grand Hotel	2002 B
SHREWSBURY (Salop)	
Mytton & Mermaid	Crosshouses 220 C

EASTERN COUNTIES

BRANCASTER (Norfolk)	
*Dormy House Hotel	217 C
CAMBRIDGE (Cambridge)	
*Lion Hotel	5083 B
*University Arms Hotel	2557 B
CLACTON-ON-SEA (Essex)	
*Beaumont Hall Hotel	80 A
*Hadleigh Hotel	19 A
*Royal Hotel	1215 B
COLCHESTER (Essex)	
*George Hotel	2158 A
CROMER (Norfolk)	
Elmhurst Hotel	206311 A
*Grand Hotel	2209 C
Grange Court	241911 A
*Regency Hotel	2526 B
FELIXSTOWE (Suffolk)	
*Felix Court Private Hotel	420 A
FRINTON-ON-SEA (Essex)	
*Frinton Lodge Hotel	161 C
*Grand Hotel	678 C
HUNSTANTON (Norfolk)	
*The Golden Lion Hotel	18 C
HUNTINGDON (Hunts)	
Old Bridge Hotel	58 B
LOWESTOFT (Suffolk)	
*Royal Hotel	1221 B
NORWICH (Norfolk)	
Lansdowne Hotel	244611 A
SANDRINGHAM (Norfolk)	Ingoldisthorpe
Manor Hotel	Snettisham 300 B
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA (Essex)	
*Palace Hotel	66693 B

WALES

	Phone
BARMOUTH (Merioneth)	159 A
*Marine Mansion Hotel	
BEAUMARIS (Anglesey)	
*Liverpool Arms Hotel	62 A
COLWYN BAY (Denbigh)	
*Colwyn Bay Hotel	3345 B
Tan-y-Bryn Hotel	44464 A
LLANBERIS (Caern)	
Dolbadarn Hotel	277 A
LLANDUDNO (Caern)	
*Brinkburn Hotel	6886 A
*Four Oaks Private Hotel	6506 A
*Imperial Hotel	7466 C
*Queen's Hotel	7218 B
*Royal Hotel	6476 B
*St. George's Hotel	7873 C
*Southcliffe Hotel	6277 B
LLANWRTYD WELLS (Brecon)	
*The Abernant Lake Hotel	250 A
NEWTOWN (Montgom)	
Bear Hotel	226 A
PORTRICAWL (Glam)	
*Esplanade Hotel	1 C
*Seabank Hotel	860 B
RHOS-ON-SEA (Denbigh)	
St. Winifred's Private Hotel	441281 A
RHYL (Flints)	
*Morville Hotel	917 A
TENBY (Pembroke)	
*Imperial Hotel	2328 C

SCOTLAND (HIGHLANDS)

	Phone
ABERFELDY (Perth)	81 B
Weem Hotel	
ABERFOYLE (Perth)	
The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel	202 B
ALYTH (Perth)	
*Lands of Loyal	781 C
BALLACHULISH (Argyll)	
Ballachulish Hotel	239 B
DRYMEN (Stirlingshire)	
*Buchanan Arms Hotel	310 C
CLENSHEE (Perth)	
Dalmunzie House Hotel	207 B
INVERNESS (Inverness)	
*Cummings Hotel	2531 A
Riverside Hotel	1052 A
OBAN (Argyll)	
Alexandra Hotel	2381 C
*The Great Western Hotel	2378 C
PITLOCHRY (Perth)	
*Atholl Palace Hotel	66 B
*Fisher's Hotel	284 B
McKay's Hotel	49 A
*Pitlochry Hydro Hotel	131 C

	Phone
PORTREE (Isle of Skye)	
*Royal Hotel	12 B
Skeabost House Hotel	Skeabost 2 B
ROTHESAY (Bute)	
*Glenburn Hotel	500 C
STIRLING (Stirling)	
*Golden Lion Hotel	1950 B
TARBERT (Argyll)	
*Stonefield Castle Hotel	Tarbert 7 B
TOBERMORY (Isle of Mull)	
Mishnish Hotel	9 A
ULLAPOOL (Ross)	
Morefield Hotel	21 B

SCOTLAND (LOWLANDS)

ABERDOUR (Fife)	
*Woodside Hotel	8 C
BIGGAR (Dumfriesshire)	
*Hartree Hotel Farm	66 C
DUMFRIES (Dumfriesshire)	
Cairndale Hotel	1234 B
EDINBURGH (Midlothian)	
Braid Hills Hotel	54748 B
*Cockburn Hotel	30092 B
Royal Circus Hotel	30566 A
ELIE (Fife)	
*Beach Hotel	51 A
*Marine Hotel	19 B
GLASGOW (Lanark)	
*Buchanan St. Stn. Hotel	Douglas 9016 A
*Queen's Park Hotel	Pollock 1123 C
HAWICK (Roxburgh)	
*The Crown Hotel	2654 C
LARGS (Firth of Clyde)	
Hutton Park Hotel	3184 A
LEADHILLS (Lanarkshire)	
Hopetoun Arms Hotel	234 A
LUNDIN LINKS (Fife)	
*The Lundin Links Hotel	207 C
MACHRIHANISH (Argyll)	
*Ugadale Arms Hotel	206 C
MOFFAT (Dumfriesshire)	
Buccleuch Arms Hotel	3 A
Moffat House Hotel	39 A
PEEBLES (Peebles)	
*Peebles Hotel-Hydropathic	3102 C
SOUTHERNESS-on-Solway (Kirkcud)	
Paul Jones Hotel	Kirkbean 226 C
TROON (Ayr)	
Marine Hotel	980 C
South Beach Hotel	77 A
YETHOLM (Roxburgh)	
The Romany House Hotel	6 A



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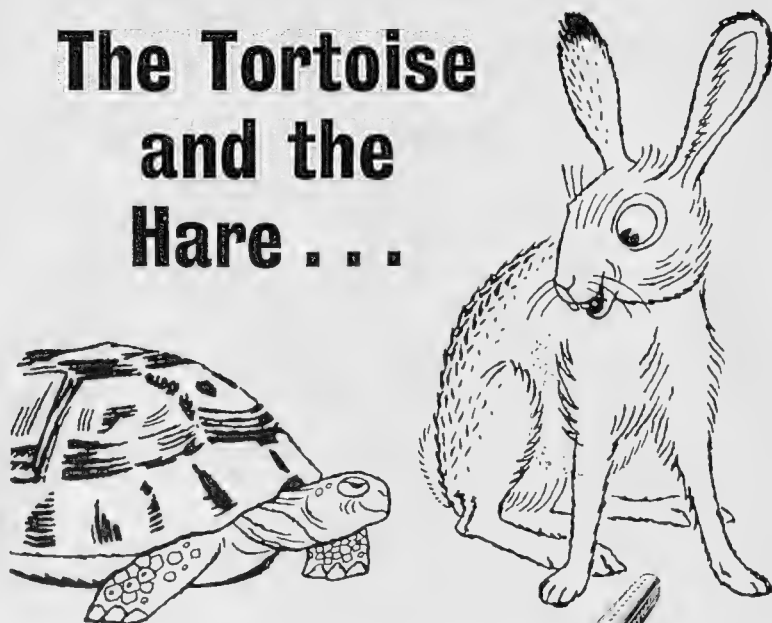
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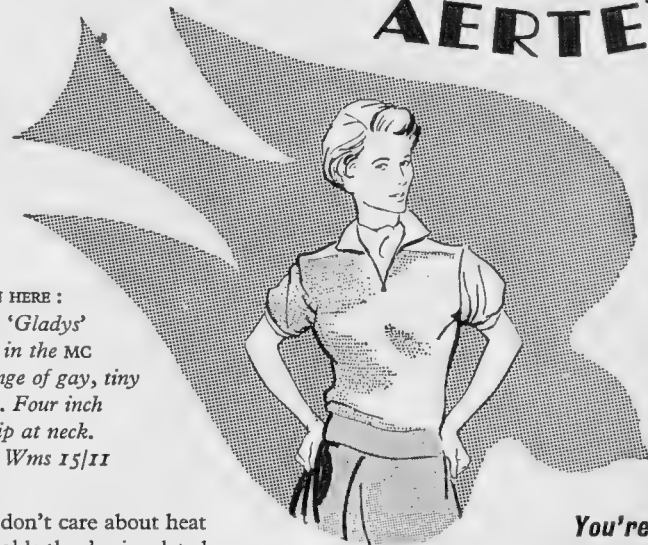


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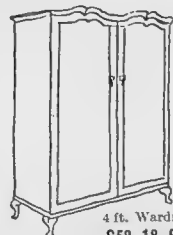
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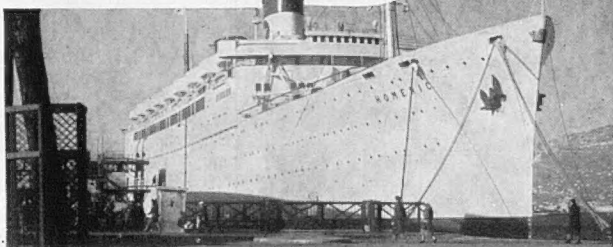


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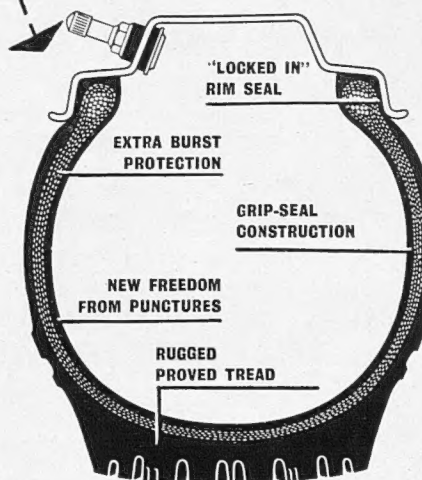
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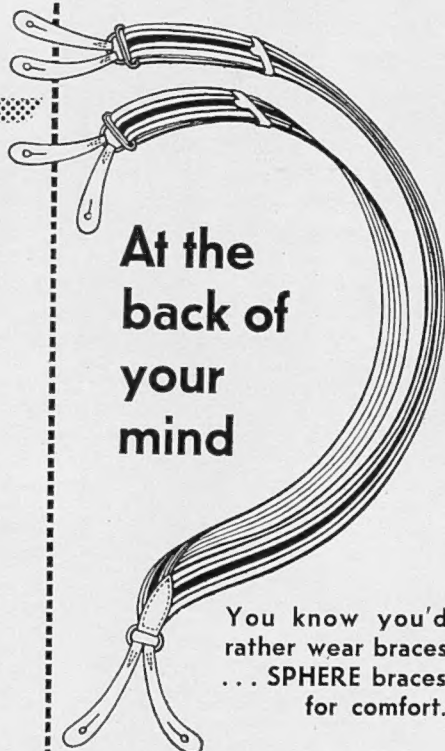
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